

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXI. No. 2350

London  
July 10, 1946



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# THE TATLER

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LONDON

JULY 10, 1946

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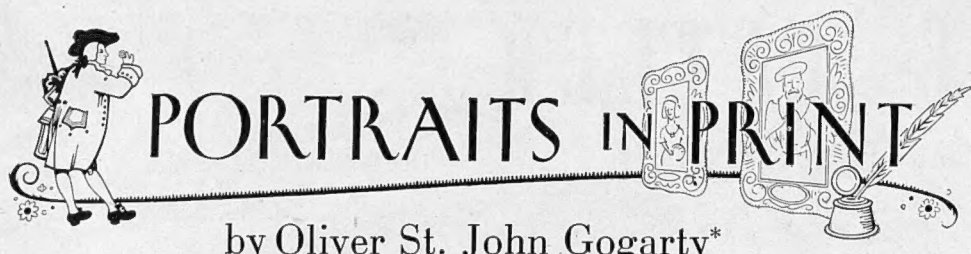


Swaebe

## Lady Ritchie, O.B.E.: Director of the Women's Legion

Lady Ritchie, who is the wife of Sir Douglas Ritchie, M.C., Vice-Chairman of the Port of London Authority, was awarded the O.B.E. in this year's Birthday Honours. During the Battle of Britain, when emergency feeding facilities were severely strained, the Ministry of Food asked the Women's Legion to help in the catering arrangements for the London dockers. Lady Ritchie, with her assistants, organized a most efficient canteen service and the Women's Legion worked devotedly throughout the hardships and dangers of the winter of 1940-1941 at this special task. At the end of the war, units of the Legion, under Lady Ritchie, operated mobile canteens for the Services in France and Belgium, and until recently there was a Ritchie Club for naval men near Hamburg





# PORTRAITS IN PRINT

by Oliver St. John Gogarty\*

JAMES JOYCE came loping across the path with a red oblong object under his arm. We met, I asked him what he was carrying. At once he assumed an air of almost ritualistic gravity, which was one of his ways of mocking outrageous fortune. With great seriousness we advanced toward the pawnshop. He passed a fine folio bound in red morocco over the counter. When the transaction was concluded he turned with a sigh and said: "That was Theophrastus von Hohenheim, called 'Paracelsus'! He was doctor in both Faculties; and he never mentioned which was which."

Doctor in both Faculties! How remote and cabalistic the title is! I recall it now because it is appropriate to so many medical men who owe their fame more to the Faculty of Letters than to the Faculty of Medicine; men who are so identified with literature that their connection with science will come to the reader as a mild surprise. Of such are Clemenceau, Chekhov and Schnitzler, all within living memory. Of those of old there are many, but their relation to medicine is as obscure as was the science of their day.

TWO monks of the Middle Ages come to mind, Roger Bacon (1214-1294) and Rabelais (1490-1553). Both were "doctors" and both are among the first-class intellectuals of all time. The first was the father of experimental science and a philosopher in the religious order of St. Francis. The other, Dr. François Rabelais, flounders in cap and bells with robust licence through the Middle Ages, holding his dark lantern aloft and beaconing bravely onward toward the enlightened and untrammelled few whom he felt were sure to arise and assert the dignity and freedom of the human soul. The fools of his day regarded him as the fools of a later day regarded Shakespeare, as a "smutster and Punster" only. Rabelais made the world rock with laughter without knowing what it was laughing at; with laughter at humbug and at all the imbecilities of pomp, pretence and false fame; laughter at himself caught in the human

cava did climb by the diaphragm even above her shoulders (where that vein divides itself into two), and, from thence taking his way towards the left side, issued forth at her left ear."

In his discourse about borrowers he gives a long account of the functions of the heart and the physiology of the circulation; and he describes how carefully they sewed on the decapitated head of Epistemon so that he might give an account of his adventures in the underworld and allow the good doctor an opportunity for the greatest parody ever written at the expense of the great and powerful of this world.

THE originality of the man! The devastating simplicity! The preposterous Odyssey to the Ringing Islands! Swift quarried from him. Balzac imitated his style. Whatever his claims to medicine may have been, Dr. François Rabelais has cured the world from a mighty weight of melancholy. Cardinal De Bellay was quite right in refusing to admit to his table anyone unacquainted with *the Book*. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the first in England to recognize the philosopher beneath the monstrosities and extravaganzas of Pantagruel. He was the first in England and the last.

Between these men of old time when a bishop could confer a degree in medicine and men of the times of Oliver Goldsmith and of Keats (who walked Guy's Hospital for twelve months), there must have been a great body of men who studied or practiced medicine and who wrote on other or allied themes. And so there was, but the writers do not rise readily to mind out of the Middle Ages because their writings were undistinguished or obscure—Lethan as their prescriptions were lethal—and were rapidly outmoded. It must be remembered that nothing changes sooner than medical practice and theories. At one period people are bled indiscriminately. At another (this time it is our turn) blood is being banked and transfused on a scale too nearly universal to be always justifiable.

AGAINST this indiscriminate treatment of patients, one mighty figure rose at the beginning of the sixteenth century who, although he had not a medical degree, was professor of Physic and Surgery at Basle. This was Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus, originally Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (1493-1541). He applied specific remedies in opium, sulphur, mercury, iron and arsenic to the treatment of disease. Medicine was dominated then by the writings of Galen, Celsus and Avicenna. If anyone's disease did not fit into one of these treatises, he was in a somewhat similar position to the present-day soldier who suffers from something which does not come under one of the categories in the Army handbook. Paracelsus flew in the face of authority by denouncing the universal practice of blood-letting and purging.

He treated a patient not as a "case" but as an individual. He seems to have known that fifty per cent of all diseases are mental. Thus he became the first psychiatrist in Europe and a most successful doctor. After all, it is pleasanter to be treated as a human being rather than as a disease when you are ailing. Legend has it that the great humanist,

Erasmus, was one of the patients of Paracelsus. He wrote *The Elixir of Life* and *The Philosopher's Stone*, and he was doctor in both Faculties!

IT might be thought that we had emerged from the period of indefinite medical degrees and medieval occultism when we come to the time of Oliver Goldsmith, who is said by some to have had a degree in chemistry from Leyden, by others to have qualified as a doctor at Padua or Louvain. It is certain that he went to the University of Edinburgh. But his fame as a poet and playwright would have obscured a more certain record of his medical qualifications if such a record could be found. This "very great man" (Dr. Johnson), "the most beloved of English writers" (Thackeray), the English Virgil, the sweet poet whom even the heroic couplet could not make dull, has buried his scalpel deep beneath his laurel bough. But medical degrees were not yet formal in Goldsmith's time. They were not very official even up to the time of Keats, who "walked" a London hospital and was apprenticed to a surgeon until 1817.

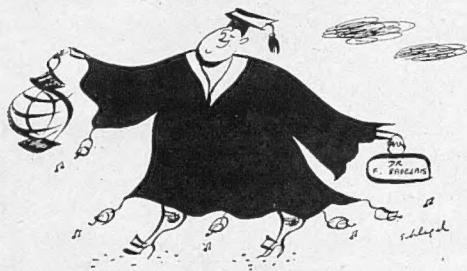
IF poetry be the crown of literature, then Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate of



England, is the most eminent of the men who transcended medicine. For a time he worked as a country doctor in the vicinity of Oxford, where afterwards he lived in comfortable circumstances to a ripe old age. Never once, except for one and that a very recondite allusion, does he refer to his reason for abandoning medicine for the service of the Muses. He felt that he was a better poet than a doctor.

He holds the opinion that theirs is a higher gift who can benefit mankind more directly and more generally by scientific discovery than by the inspiration of poetry. In fine, Dr. Fleming, the man who worked with the "hidden things," is a greater benefactor than Shakespeare. Bridges thought that to lay Nature bare was better than to hold the mirror up to her.

IN the little town of Hastings, where the battle of that name took place, a doctor trained in Edinburgh came to develop a country practice. For some time Dr. Conan Doyle worked among the inhabitants of this Sussex town, where a conservatism reigns that goes back to the year 1066. Someone persuaded Conan Doyle to give up his efforts to become a popular doctor. Why not set up in London as an eye specialist? This he did with only slight success. For a little time he made a living by doing refraction work for his more eminent colleagues. It was obvious that he could not hope to succeed in London without the private means necessary to sustain a man until he made a name for himself. His empty waiting-room gave him cause for reflection. He reflected. He remembered one of his teachers in the Edinburgh Medical School, Dr. Bell, Professor of Anatomy. Dr. Bell had an extern clinic where he treated out-patients and taught his class. One day an upstanding man came to the clinic for treatment. He wore a cheap suit of clothes which was new and neat. He spoke in low tones, in a soft voice with respect for authority. This seemed all the more strange because he



coil; laughter at "what fools we mortals be"; laughter for delight in very laughter, which itself is an assurance of a transcendental state from which something that is not mortal can regard mortality and, because of its own impassable nature, laugh.

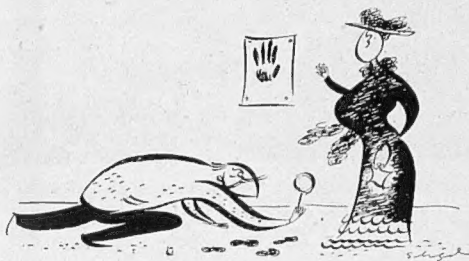
It is hard to imagine the monk holding a general practice in his monastery. Yet he loved to air his knowledge of anatomy, such as it was in his time. Witness the description of the birth of Gargantua from his mother, Gargamelle:

"The cotyledons of her matrix were all loosened above, through which the child sprung up and leaped, and so entering into the vena



did not remove his hat in the presence of Dr. Bell. He was suffering from elephantiasis in its preliminary stage. When he had gone, Dr. Bell addressed his class:

"Gentlemen, the man we have just seen has been only recently discharged from the Army. He kept his hat on because to him it is still a part of the uniform he has very lately



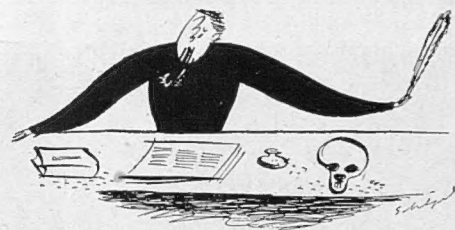
discarded. His clothes were new. His soft voice tells me that he belonged to a Highland regiment and that he has been stationed in the West Indies, for that is where he contracted his disease."

All this turned out to be perfectly true. The impression it made on Conan Doyle was profound. From Dr. Bell the inductive method of the greatest detective in fiction is derived. Dr. Watson, his foil, may be considered to be Conan Doyle laughing at himself. There is a lot of Irish blood in Conan Doyle.

ENGLISH readers hardly can be expected to know how many prodigies of literary excellence forsook the practice of medicine in foreign countries. Only those of international reputation come to our ears. Outstanding among these is Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov.

He began a medical practice, but tuberculosis put an end to a career which would necessarily engage him in hardships. He took to the less strenuous life of the playwright and the story-teller. If there be any trace of the doctor of medicine in his writings, it is to be found in his attitude toward rather than in any definite account of the tragedy and pathos of human existence; the inevitable separateness and solitude of each human soul.

He was born in 1860, two years before the great Austrian, Arthur Schnitzler, who outlived him by twenty-seven years. The author of *Anatole*; *None But The Brave*; *Fräulein Else*. Unlike the bulk of doctors distinguished in literature he employs his medical knowledge in the delineation of character with a tendency



to dwell on their pathological neuroses. This must appear to be a very inadequate estimate of a writer who held the attention of his country and of Europe for many years. It is almost inevitable that works read only in translation should by the loss of the rhythm, flavour and associations of the original language somewhat diminish the stature of the writer. This applies more to Chekhov than to any other author, but it may to some extent be remedied by testifying to the greatness and humanity of the man which no translation can obscure.

\* Answering for Simon Harcourt-Smith who is indisposed.

## Party in Mayfair

Given by Mrs. Thomas Hutchison, of Collingwood Hall, Camberley, and her Daughter, Virginia



Miss Sarah Ismay and Mr. Patrick Filmer-Sankey, grandson of the Duke of Westminster



Mr. Michael MacLean, Welsh Guards, Miss Joan Williams-Wynn, Mr. Michael Stourton, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Jane Luxmore



Capt. Andrew Angus, Grenadier Guards, Miss Virginia Hutchison, and Mr. Julian Tennant, Coldstream Guards



Miss Pallas Blair-Drummond, and Mr. William Farrer, Coldstream Guards



Princess Andrew of Russia, Madame Ruegger and M. Paul Ruegger, the Swiss Minister, Mrs. Thomas Hutchison and Prince Andrew of Russia





Miss Dorothy Bell (Hon. Secretary) and Lord Cross



The Summer Ball in Aid of the Society of Good Counsel (Free Legation)  
Mr. Hugh Rendall, Miss Prudence Strettle and Mr. Ian Readman



Miss Gillian Loder and Capt. Peter Buchanan

## Rot and Super-rot

MR. IVOR BROWN laid it down recently that a critic who finds himself allergic to any department of entertainment "ought to stay away from these, to him, foolish things." I agree. Mr. Helpmann thinks that when he is being dragged round the stage like Hector at the tail of Achilles' horse he is embodying Schubert's notion of lust overtaken by retribution. That, of course, is nonsense, if only for the fact that Schubert had no idea of lust and had never heard of retribution. Better perhaps to say that he had no tragic notion of these things, that he was a befuddled young man who died of stowing away too much beer and mislaying his spectacles.

How he came to be a fountain of melody nobody knows. I have met exquisite poets without two ideas in their heads, and I don't believe Schubert had even one idea. Miss Fonteyn doubtless believes that when she spins thirty-two times in one direction she is expressing the ecstasies of coming together, and that when she does those same twiddles in the reverse direction she is expressing the agonies of separation. I don't believe a word of it. Wherefore I refrain from criticizing the ballet. For the same reason I will have nothing to do with films featuring Sonja Henie. The story is invariably imbecile, and I spend two hours hoping S. H. will fall on her plump little what-d'you-call-it. She never does. And since skating bores me to swooning, so what?

AND now I have to say that there is nothing in the world of theatre or film, mime or

music-hall, opera or ballet, nothing on land or sea, nothing in the air or in the bowels of the earth, that bores me so abysmally as the later pictures of Walt Disney. I would rather sit at the bottom of a coal mine, in the dark, alone, and think of nothing, than go to see any of the successors to *Fantasia*. John Mason Brown, a fine American critic now delighting this country with a visit, once wrote:

Although Hitler may have more haters than the Big Bad Wolf, surely Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are as readily identified by their admirers the globe over as are Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt and Uncle Joe. The likenesses of Abraham Lincoln, Shakespeare, and George Washington are not more universally recognized than this rodent and this drake. Were they to appear together in the same command car, no generals—not even Eisenhower, Montgomery and MacArthur—would be more quickly spotted than Dumbo or the Seven Dwarfs.

The point is that I just don't want to see these world figures, and that when any new work by this master—for I will give him that—is flashed on the screen, I just close my eyes and sit shuddering till it is all over. I would rather listen to Bloch's String Quartet played in a goods yard, with shunting operations in full swing and all the Jews trying to get into or out of Palestine (I never remember

which) wailing up against the walls—there is no noise known to me, including the road drill and the later compositions of Béla Bartók, that I execrate so deeply as the squawking of that abominable fowl. Wherefore, dear readers, you will hear no word from me about *Make Mine Music*. This is something to which I know I am totally allergic, and about which, therefore, I can have no opinion.

NOW I come to something else. I have been asked by the editor of *Cinema and Theatre Construction* to say what I think about the Gallup poll and the cinema:

A representative cross-section of the cinema-going public are questioned on a number of topics. How frequently do they go to see a film? Who is their favourite film star? Would they go and see such and such a film if it had a certain star? Have they heard about so-and-so film (mentioning the name of a film now in production)? What have they heard about it? Do they think they would like such a film? Do they think they would like to see a film about . . . (giving a fifty-word résumé of the story)?

This gives me an idea. Why don't film companies, half-way through a big picture, get hold of a Gallup audience and show the thing to them as far as it has gone, and then hand each member a paper with the following

James Agas

AT



The Hon. John Coventry, Brig. G. J. S. Chatterton, D.S.O. (Organizer), and Mr. Kenneth Grey



The Countess of Jersey (Co-Chairman), Mrs. Reynolds Veitch and Lady Throgmorton



Miss Rahvis and Lady Petre

At the Cocktail Party at the Dorchester in Connection with the





Miss Joan Ackroyd and Capt.  
the Hon. Peter Strutt



Mr. Graham Vivian, Lady Celia  
Anson and Capt. Mark Gilbur



The Hon. Julien Fane and Laura,  
Lady Lovat, Chairman of the Ball

Aid for the Poor), and St. Hugh's Society, at Grosvenor House

# THE PICTURES

questions. (a) Would you like to see more or less of Mr. X's torso? (b) Should he show it oftener or less often? (c) Should the nipples be left uncovered or should they be covered with small brass bucklers? (d) Should Mr. Y frown oftener or less often? (e) Would you like him to throttle the girl, or himself, or both? (f) Would you like Miss Z to show a shade less talent? (g) Would you like her to wear fewer frocks or more? (h) Do you approve of that King's Road accent, or would a shade of Muswell Hill improve it?

I read further:

Gallup's work on films now in production brings out clearly the immense importance of adequate promotion before the film is released. This, after all, is nothing but a commonsense conclusion, since clearly the public do not go to a film, however good it may be, until they have heard about it. In most cases the reputation of a film built up simply on the basis of hearsay through people having seen it does not spread quickly enough amongst sufficient people to ensure outstanding audiences. If, however, a large number of people have been favourably impressed by pre-release reports, the audience is, in fact, already collected and they are simply waiting for the film to be shown.

This, of course, is just nonsense. Within ten minutes of its presentation the news that a film story is imbecile, with a hint of impro-

priety, its acting crude and commonplace, and the presentation the last word in vulgarity—within ten minutes of its first showing the news will have spread not only to every smart grill room in London, but to the ears of every typist in the town. Likewise, every manicurist and every mannequin. Twenty minutes later ten thousand young women will be 'phoning their boys: "Was yer taking us ter the Ugleon, Setterday, 'Orace?"

I AM all for this principle of carrying good things further. In an article in the new number of the *Windmill*, that most revered of monitresses, our Dilys, writes:

It was, after all, a British film which contained the finest spectacular passages to be seen for years: *Henry V*, whose battle sequences made, for the first time in the history of the cinema, what might be called a visual contribution to great literature, not illustrating or echoing the text, but joining with it in their own right.

But that's grand! Think of all the wonderful visual contributions which can now join Shakespeare's text in their own right! I tabulate:

- a. The sea-fight in *Hamlet*, with, of course, a stand-in for the grappling and boarding. Likewise Ophelia's drowning, brought about by the breaking of the envious sliver.

Yorick pouring a flagon of Rhenish on the gravedigger's head and carrying young Hamlet on his back.

- b. The battle in *Macbeth*, showing what caused the Sergeant to bleed, and how Macbeth unseam'd the merciless Macdonwald from the nave to the chaps.
- c. The hanging of Cordelia in *Lear*.
- d. Othello's Anthropophagi, and a Technicolor view of the cannibals eating each other.
- e. Caesar bringing in captives, weeping when that the poor have cried, being fished out of the Tiber by Cassius, bestriding the world like a Colossus with Walt Disneyish figures of Brutus and Cassius looking for graves under his huge legs.
- f. Antony browsing on the barks of trees and drinking the stale of horses. The scene on the barge. The whipping of the messenger. The sea-fight. And the home life of the simple countryman who brought Cleopatra the figs.

Yes, I am very keen about all this. If ever I make a Shakespearian film my visual contributions won't stop at "not illustrating or echoing the text," or even at "joining with it in their own right." I can promise Dilys that they will better her instructions and swamp the bloody Shakespearian thing.

O.S.S. (Plaza). I didn't understand or believe a word of anything that was going on in this excessively complicated spy-film. But I enjoyed every minute of it.

Boys' Ranch (Ritz). I suspect that this is tosh. But nothing will induce me to say a single word against any film featuring the freckles of Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, and the snub-nose of Darryl Hickman.



Miss Valerie Hobson and  
Lady Stanley of Alderley



Mr. Guy Middleton, Lady Audrey Morris  
and Mr. Gwyn Morris



Mrs. MacNish-Porter, Mrs. Stuart-Browne and  
Mrs. Guy Gibson, widow of the V.C.

Forthcoming Party to Help Airborne Men and Their Families



Sketches by  
Tom Titt



Katerina (Edith Evans), the doom-ridden, snobbish wife of the drunkard Marmeladoff, and her step-daughter, Sonia (Audrey Fildes), who sacrifices herself for her family

# The Theatre

"Crime and Punishment" (New)

DOSTOEVSKY till now has been a seemingly impregnable fortress on the English theatrical scene, and the bones of adventurous dramatists who have tried to reduce him to the stage litter the memory. At best these intrepid triers succeeded in illustrating scenes from the great Russian's packed and complicated novels, and however vivid the pictures they made of this famous incident or that, whatever stage tricks their producers played, they never carried the position: they never gave us Dostoevsky.

The fortress has fallen at last to Mr. Rodney Ackland. He has taken *Crime and Punishment* by storm and makes London playgoers free of its authentic life. It is a very considerable achievement.

His methods seem to have been those of Montgomery at Alamein. He has left little to chance; he has patiently accumulated overwhelming strength. There are masses of actors—flea-bitten wastrels, greasy lodgers, strident landladies, down-at-heel aristocrats, hopeless, self-reproaching sots, all swarming in a St. Petersburg lodging house in a state of chronic seediness and semi-starvation, now stung to shrill violences or desperate gaieties, now lulled by misery into lassitude. There is Mr. John Gielgud to play the student who, murdering two old women on principle, realizes by degrees that he has thereby murdered himself. There is Miss Edith Evans to agitate the lodging house swarm with her aristocratic pretensions and her hair-pulling tendencies, with her woes as the scraping mother of two wretchedly neglected children and as the wife of a vodka-sodden husband who steals her money, and with her follies and miseries as a fantastic snob in the last stages of consumption.

There is also Mr. Paul Sheriff to design for this hurly-burly a set so good that it seems inevitable, giving us four rooms in which the chief characters may dree their melancholy weird, and a staircase on which the passing outsiders may comment with detachment on what they surmise of happenings within or,

getting wind of a row, surge in to redouble the confusion. And there is Mr. Anthony Quayle whose production gives the hurly-burly significance down to the last hiccup.

Thus built up, Mr. Ackland launches a frontal and enveloping assault upon the sprawlingly formidable novel and carries all his objectives—the theme of murder as an expression of man's free soul, the tragi-comic atmosphere of the lodging house, the subtle interplay of a wide variety of characters, and, in short, the story's main outline and much of the rich diversity of detail on which the novel depends for its greatness.

Not all of us enjoy reading these great Russian novels, but even we shall find that this stage version of one of the greatest of them compels our attention from first to last; and the more fortunate, those who take to Dostoevsky as ducks to water, will be continuously excited. Mr. Gielgud shows complete historical understanding of the young student whose theories of the rights of a superman are now both old-fashioned and obnoxious, and playing the whole of the first act with taut imagination and terrific nervous energy he establishes what is generous and likeable in the strange youth. Later he seems occasionally to feel the emotional tension of the character so acutely that he forgets to impart it, but the performance, even when it loses colour, never loses correctness of outline.

MISS EVANS gives a highly characteristic and entertaining account of the touchingly ridiculous Katerina; Miss Audrey Fildes conveys the tender passion of the girl who has sacrificed honour to family duty; and Mr. Peter Ustinov catches with delightful exactness the insidious affability of the Chief of Police bent on trapping the student into a confession of murder.

Altogether, as full an evening's entertainment as the theatre has to offer.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Raskolnikov (John Gielgud) braces himself to meet the sly interrogation of the Chief of Police (Peter Ustinov)





Bertram Park

## ALICIA MARKOVA

With Prudence Hyman in "Foyer de Danse," by Frederick Ashton

Alicia Markova was introduced to Mme. Rambert by Frederick Ashton, and as ballerina of the company from 1930-34 she created the principal parts in many of his ballets, including "La Peri," "Foyer de Danse," "Les Masques" and "Mephisto Valse," as well as that of "Lysistrata," by Antony Tudor

# THE BALLET RAMBERT

By Sachseville Sitivill

THE season of ballets which opened at Sadler's Wells on July 1st will celebrate twenty years of Mme. Rambert's leadership and direction, and also the safe emergence of her company from the long rigours of the war. For it was in June 1926, a generation ago, that this talented and inspiring woman first formed her little company of dancers. The photographs on this and succeeding pages will be a reminder of their names. But the work of the Ballet Rambert has been of an equal importance in the fields of choreography and decor. It could

even be said that in these respects it is more important still. The total of names, taken together, adds up into an extraordinary galaxy of talent.

THE exigencies of a small stage have, from the first, given an especial or peculiar flavour to her productions. They were devised for her little theatre and had, therefore, a particular proportion or dimension of their own. The memory of these simplicities and economies of effect has been transferred, as it were, in *Symphonic*

*Variations*, by Frederick Ashton, to the huge stage of Covent Garden. It may only be a coincidence that the beautiful decor of this latter is by Sophie Fedorovich, who was responsible for *A Tragedy of Fashion*, Frederick Ashton's first ballet and the inception or opening performance of the Ballet Rambert of twenty years ago. *Symphonic Variations*, a true work of art and a credit to all concerned with it, may be said to reflect honour upon its distant origin. Andrée Howard, another most talented dancer, choreographer and designer, has produced a

(Continued on page 40)



## WALTER GORE

WALTER GORE, leading dancer and choreographer for the Ballet Rambert, intended to be an actor, but was persuaded by Massine to study dancing. When Massine left England he sent Gore to Marie Rambert, and apart from one season at Sadler's Wells, where he created the part of Rake in *Rake's Progress*, he has been with her ever since



In "*Paris Soir*," choreography by himself



Another scene from "*Paris Soir*," produced 1939



In "*Giselle*," by J. Coralli and J. Perrot



"*A Tragedy of Fashion*"

Marie Rambert and Frederick Ashton in his first ballet, produced twenty years ago



"*Les Masques*"

With Frederick Ashton and Pearl Argyle. It was produced at the Mercury Theatre in 1933

## The Ballet Rambert (Continued from page 39)

whole series of beautiful short works, like *Mermaid* or *Lady Into Fox*, for the Mercury Theatre and its miniature stage.

BUT the list of choreographers and their achievements is impressive enough in itself. First, Frederick Ashton, with such ballets as *Façade* or *The Lady of Shalott*; Ninette de Valois, with her famous *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, taken from Manet's painting; and the ballets of Walter Gore and Antony Tudor. The former is the present choreographer for Mme. Rambert, while the latter has made a great name for himself in the United States and is now, undoubtedly, among the leading talents

of the day, and some of his ballets are to be produced this month by the American company at Covent Garden. But this brings us to the consideration of individual ballets and of dancers. I have a most clear memory of *Cinderella* and *The Rape of the Lock*; also of *Mermaid*, all by Andrée Howard, and it seems to me that these were little masterpieces in their way. So were *The Lady of Shalott* and *Les Masques*, by Ashton. Yes, beyond any doubt, it was a beautiful experience to visit the little Mercury Theatre in Ladbroke Road. Such an air of youth and freshness pervaded it, but then there was the additional reason that in matters of ballet London had nothing else. Diaghilev was dead.



## SALLY GILMOUR

SALLY GILMOUR, leading dancer of the Ballet Rambert, studied as a child in Singapore, and then came to England to be with Karsavina for two years, when the foundation of her career as a dancer was established. Under the guidance of Marie Rambert she has come to be regarded as one of the greatest interpreters of modern ballet in this country



*"Dark Elegies"*

At the Duchess Theatre, 1937, with Sally Gilmour, Margaretta Scott, Marjorie Field and Joan McClelland



In *"Confessional,"* to Browning's poem



*"Les Masques"*

The trio were Sara Luzita, Marjorie Field and Brenda Hamlyn. The music was by Poulenc



In *"La Spectre de la Rose,"* by Fokine



In *"Lac des Cygnes,"* which dates back to 1895

and this was before de Basil had begun. Until the coming of Sadler's Wells, therefore, Mme. Rambert's entertainments were unique. The beauty and serenity of Pearl Argyle, surely among the most lovely of dancers ever to be seen upon any stage, was a never-to-be-forgotten lure and attraction in those days. To her rare loveliness and perfection of form was added a most poetical quality in her interpretation. Such an exquisite artist, and person, is but seldom seen.

A more recent success has been *Lady Into Fox*, in which Sally Gilmour, at present the leading dancer of Mme. Rambert's company, gave the most haunting and subtle of performances. When these pages appear in print, the ballets mentioned, and many others, will be playing at Sadler's Wells, and the whole repertoire

will show the wonderful and multiple energies of this one woman. For she has persisted in her beliefs, has given her dancers and choreographers their every opportunity, and has refused to give in and surrender to commercial standards. She is an artist of absolute integrity, and one who commands the respect and the amused affection of all who know her.

HER company or nursery of the talents must now be established upon the base of security that it deserves, and, it is to be hoped, in a permanent home and with a regular orchestra. All lovers of the ballet looking at these photographs will, we believe, recall many happy experiences and hope that the work of Mme. Rambert is but half-finished, and that there will be many more years of the Ballet Rambert.





H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth being received by Viscount Portal on her arrival. Reed's School is the girls' section of the former combined London Orphan School



Princess Elizabeth Attends the Sports Day of Reed's School for Girls

Four pupils showed the Princess round the beautiful grounds. The school admits children between four and eleven, and they receive a thorough Secondary education

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

### FILM PREMIERE

QUEEN MARY honoured the world premiere of the film *Gaiety George*, given in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, with her presence. Her Majesty looked magnificent in white and was accompanied by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone. The Royal party sat in a box in the dress circle surrounded with pale-pink roses. Among the famous Gaiety celebrities who were presented to the Queen Mother were the Duchess of Leinster (Denise Orme), Mrs. Ian Bullough (Lily Elsie), Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Edna May), Gertrude Countess of Dudley, (Gertie Millar), Ruby Miller and Grace Palotta.

Most of the audience wore evening dress, and among those present I saw Lady Annaly and her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Osborne King, the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, Lady Alexander and Baroness Ravensdale. Among the stage and screen celebrities in the audience I saw Valerie Hobson, Peter Graves and Daphne Barker. Both the latter star in the film.

### THE CALEDONIAN BALL

THE ballroom of Grosvenor House was packed to overflowing for the Caledonian Ball, the first to be held for six years. Always a picturesque spectacle, this year it was well up to pre-war standards. The only exception was the absence of the set reels. This was because many members of old Scottish families who usually take part are still in the Forces. The men looked magnificent in their kilts and sporrans and tartan hose, and in some cases fine ruffles added to the gaiety of their doublets. There was a sprinkling of pink coats, too, and a few Service uniforms.

The women looked resplendent too, many wearing tartan sashes on their evening dresses. No one looked better than Princess Elizabeth, who brought a party of her young contemporaries and wore a sash of the Royal Stewart

tartan, pinned on her shoulder with a cairngorm brooch, over her white satin dress, which had one of the new pleated skirts. Among those in Her Royal Highness's party were Major and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, the Master of Elphinstone and the Hon. Jean Elphinstone. On her arrival the Princess was received by the Duchess of Atholl.

The dancing was gay and vigorous to the music of pipers and drummers from the Scots Guards, as well as Miss Frazer, that great personality from Inverness, who is always in keen demand to play for reels at the Highland balls. Not only did they play for the reels, but also for such favourites, seldom danced in a London ballroom, as "Speed the Plough," "Strip the Willow," "The Dashing White Sergeant" and "The Petronella." For the last-named dance Princess Elizabeth had Capt. Roddy McLeod as her partner, a tall and good-looking Scot in the Cameron Highlanders, who looked very picturesque wearing a maroon velvet doublet with fine lace ruffles, a kilt and tartan hose.

Col. Ewen Cameron of Lundavra was another fine figure in a kilt. With his sister, Mrs. Cassels, he had a dinner-party before the ball, their guests including the Earl and Countess of Lindsay (who wore a dress of magnificent cream brocade which was a splendid background for her sash of the Lindsay tartan), Viscount Garnock, Princess Teri of Albania and her fiancé Mr. Cooper, Princess Danush, Mrs. Hermon-Smith, Lady Celia Anson, Mr. Philip Franklin, the Hungarian Minister, Mr. Paul de Hevesey, the Hon. Rosemary Vivian and Sir Clive Bailleu's son and daughter. The Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale had a big party too, including the Marquess's three daughters, Lady Georgina Coleridge, Lady Daphne Fletcher and Lady Frances Hay, the last-named looking sweet wearing her sash over a silver and white dress. Also in the party were the Marchioness's two daughters, Miss Penelope and Miss Rosemary

Nettlefold, Sir Rhys Llewellyn and the Hon. Neville Berry, with his younger brother, Tom.

Lady Forbes was energetically dancing reels with General Murray, Major Armstrong and Lady Munro, who looked very attractive in a dress of pale-blue brocade—a lovely heirloom diamond brooch pinning her sash of the Munro tartan. Others I saw at this big gathering were Mr. and Mrs. Graeme-Whitelaw, Lady Jean Mackintosh and her debutante daughter Sheenah, Mrs. Calvocoressi and her debutante daughter Yolanda, Lady Duncan Hay, Col. Gordon Maxwell, Miss Jill Sherston, down from Yorkshire, Major and Mrs. Jimmy Drummond Moray of Abercairney, Mr. Hamish Wallace and his sister Anne, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's younger and very pretty debutante daughter, Miss Angela Stormonth-Darling, another very pretty debutante, who was dancing with Mr. Breitmeyer; Lady Isabel Blunt-Mackenzie, Mrs. Mendoza, Viscount Tarbat and Capt. Oscar Linder in a party. Miss Christian Guthrie, from Angus, was dancing with Mr. John Lochrane, a Seaforth Highlander; Major Armstrong and Miss Elizabeth Buxton were another couple dancing together.

### ETON AND WINCHESTER

IN spite of a bad weather forecast, visitors to the Eton and Winchester cricket match at Eton were fortunate enough to have spells of brilliant sunshine throughout the afternoon.

Eton beat Winchester for the first time in fifteen years by one wicket after one of the most exciting matches imaginable. When the last Etonian went in to bat, Eton still needed 6 runs to win and for a time it was anyone's match; then Eton gradually drew level and passed the Winchester total by 2 runs.

Watching the match I saw the Countess of Bessborough, looking most attractive in navy blue and wearing dark glasses to stop the glare.





### Dogmersfield Park, Hants

The Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Marten, K.C.V.O., a member of the School Board, presents Miss K. E. H. Mills (headmistress), Mr. Arthur W. Acland, O.B.E., M.C. (Chairman), the Hon. Gilbert Johnstone (Hon. Treasurer) and Lady Caulcutt to Princess Elizabeth

She was accompanied by the Earl of Bessborough and their Etonian son, George. The Marquess of Blandford was with a party of young friends, most of whom were in his regiment, the Life Guards. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate were sitting with their younger daughter, Virginia, and the Hon. John Lindsay-Bethune. Another family party were Sir Cecil and Lady Newman with their two younger daughters and their younger son, John. Sir Felix and Lady Brunner, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Lady Joan Philipps, Mr. and Mrs. Tod Gay, Mrs. Harry Altham, Sir Hugh and Lady Gurney and their daughter, Mr. "Pops" Fane and his son Michael were others there.

### VICTORIA LEAGUE

LADY CONINGHAM received the guests at a party given at the headquarters of the Victoria League for Sir Winston and Lady Dugan, who have just returned on leave from Australia, where Sir Winston is Governor of Victoria. The Duchess of Devonshire, Chairman of the League, was at the last moment prevented from being present, but among members of the Hospitality Committee at the party were Admiral Sir Guy and Lady Royle, Sir Harry and Lady Trusted, Lady Cator, Brig. Pepper, Lady Dulverton and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Walter Roylance. Among others from the Dominions and Colonies at the party were Mrs. Charles Coles, of Adelaide, daughter-in-law of the late Sir Jenkyn Coles, Speaker of the House of Assembly; Miss Nancy Northcroft, from New Zealand; Mrs. Frames, from Johannesburg, and Miss Philippa Bunn, from Durban, who are over here for the Victoria League Annual Meeting. Sir Keith Murdoch, who has a big interest in the *Melbourne Herald*, was there with his sister, Mrs. Durnford, and her English husband, Rear-Admiral Durnford.

### FUND BENEFITS BY RARE BOOK

THE Airborne dance arranged to take place at the Dorchester on July 17th in aid of the Airborne Security Fund, under the patronage of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, promises to be a gay and also an interesting evening. Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, chairman of the ball, gave a cocktail-party recently to discuss the final plans. Lady Jersey, who has just returned from America, is co-chairman of the ball, and made a splendid little speech at the party, where it was announced that a kind donor had presented a book of great value to be auctioned at the ball. This is a remarkable gift, a first edition of a book written in 1675 by Sir Winston Churchill, who

was born in 1620 and held a Government post in Ireland during the reign of Charles II. He was a Member of Parliament and had three sons, the eldest of whom became the first Duke of Marlborough, the ancestor of our great Winston Churchill, who has autographed the book. The committee have already had a bid of over £200 for it, but expect it to raise more than this when it is auctioned at the ball. Another gift to be auctioned is a picture by Lady George Scott.

### MORE MARLBOROUGH NEWS

WHEN the House of Marlborough took their most distinguished kinsman, Mr. Winston Churchill, to the theatre to see Harry Green in *Fifty-Fifty*, Mr. Churchill stole the show. The audience rose to its feet to cheer him and extra police had to be called to control the crowds outside the theatre. Afterwards, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough gave a small dinner in the Savoy's Mikado Room. Mr. Churchill and Harry Green were both guests, but here the star of *Fifty-Fifty* stole the show. For over three hours he mystified the company with his fascinating card tricks.

Mr. Churchill was especially intrigued, and it was in great form that he left on his way to the House, just before two o'clock, where he entered with great vigour into the finance debate.

### ANGLO-AMERICAN

UNDER the auspices of the American and British Commonwealth Association, Mr. Frank Beresford is holding a most interesting exhibition of his paintings, many of them of the U.S. Army Air Force, with which he was a war correspondent. Sir John Mactaggart, who is chairman of the Association, has lent a room on the ground floor at 55, Park Lane for the exhibition, which is open until 7 p.m. every day and goes on until July 21st. You can see a very fine picture of the American Thanksgiving Day Service in Westminster Abbey. Another interesting picture is of U.N.O. painted from the Press gallery of Central Hall, Westminster, during the last four days of the first assembly in London.

Sir John and Lady Mactaggart gave a small cocktail-party on the opening day, and among those I met there when I went in to see the pictures were the Duke of Devonshire, an old friend of the artist; the Earl of Albemarle; Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, looking at the pictures with Miss Beresford, the artist's daughter; Rear-Admiral Spencer Lewis, of the U.S. Navy; Lady Wakefield, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Andrew McFadyen, Mr. John Wilson and Major and Mrs. Bartholomew.



Mrs. G. C. Potter, who was married recently to Lt.-Cdr. Gilbert Charles Potter, D.S.C., R.N., of Tipperary, was formerly Mrs. Anne Ramsay, widow of Major David Ramsay, M.C. She is a daughter of the late Mr. George Sisson and of Lady Gibson, of Reding Mill, Northumberland



The Hon. Gloria Curzon, second daughter of Viscount Scarsdale, came out last year. A dance was given for her last month by her grandmother, Mrs. Claude Hawker, at her house, 8, Eaton Place, S.W.1. She is the younger sister of the Hon. Mrs. Willson, wife of Major James Willson, D.S.O.



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. B. L. Loraine-Smith, who recently married Capt. Bernard Lawson Loraine-Smith, M.C., Probyn's Horse, son of Mrs. Loraine-Smith, of Broadway, was formerly Miss Rachel Anne Studd, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. T. Studd, of Little Warrens, Broadway



## Marriage at Edinburgh

Douglas — Maclean

The wedding took place recently in Edinburgh Cathedral of Mr. Ian Douglas, Royal Engineers, and Miss Heather Joan Maclean, fourth daughter of the late Maclean of Ardgour and of the Hon. Mrs. Maclean



*Mrs. Ian Douglas cuts the wedding-cake. Her husband is the elder son of the Hon. Mrs. William Douglas, of Co. Durham, a sister of Lord Raglan*



*Brodrick Haldane*

*The Countess of Eglinton and Winton at the reception with the bride's mother, who is a sister of Lord Inverclyde*

## Village Wedding

Holland — Walker

The village church of Rusper, Sussex, was the scene of the recent wedding of Mr. Anthony Holland, barrister, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Holland, of Lullings, Balcombe, Sussex, and Miss Ann Faure Walker, sister of Lady Hawke



*Mrs. Field Walker, Mr. Faure Walker, the Hon. Mary Chaloner and Cdr. Field Walker were among the guests*



*The bridal group at Faygate Place, Lord Hawke's residence near Horsham, where the reception was held*





## The Listening Walls of St. Mary-le-Bow

The Church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, built by Wren after the Great Fire of 1666, was hit nine times in the winter and spring raids of 1940-41, and only the walls and spire remain. Every year since then the members of the Ward of Cordwainer Club in the City have attended a special service in the ruins. Alderman C. L. Ackroyd is president of the Club and Mr. Geo. Allison-Beer the chairman. The service this year was conducted by the Rev. F. G. Baker



# PRISCILLA in PARIS " . . . Free Entertainment Roamed the Streets "

THE air of Paris is lighter, people in the streets look happier; I have actually seen passengers being polite to each other in the Metro and motor-bus scrums. Shop assistants have become almost helpful and . . . vegetables and fruit are flooding the markets! We bring everything down to tum-tum level in this village of the Seine, but our smiles this time are not only due to *panem et circenses* (though Heaven knows we have had our fill of circuses this week), but to the fact that M. Bidault is the new Premier and that the majority of Frenchmen, *sans oublier les dames*, are firmly convinced that we shall soon see General de Gaulle become President of the two-chamber Constitution.

Paris entered whole-heartedly into the *joies de la rue* that celebrated June 19th. Crowds attended the inevitable ceremony at the Unknown Soldier's grave under the wonderful but draughty old Arc de Triomphe, the military parades at the Invalides, the torchlight processions and, above all, remained breathlessly silent during the moving moment when the great men of the Resistance, the famous members of the Ordre de la Liberation, de Gaulle leading, lit the flame at the base of the cenotaph of the Mont Valerien. There was, of course, all the fun of the fair when the torch-bearers made their various ways from eleven different "gates" of Paris to their destination in the centre of the town. Every Marie-Louise had her Jean-Pierre and every Madelon her ex-Poilu. Unfortunately, the Madelons of this war are not so ready with the wine-bottle as they were in the comparatively lavish years of '14-'18.

THIS was a bad night for the theatres, since free entertainment roamed the streets. The Grand Opera gave a gala show, *La Nuit de la Résistance*, and here also the crowd gathered. . . . The Comédie Française is always packed but . . . *pour le reste!* Those three little words only have their true signification when followed by an expressive lift of the shoulders. Kindly imagine me shrugging! Amusingly enough, the only other theatres that did fairly well were all presenting English or American plays: *Rebecca* at the Paris, *Of Mice and Men* at the Hébertot, Agatha Christie's *Ten Little Niggers* at the Antoine, and, of a somewhat different order, *No, No, Nanette* at the Mogador.

The patrons of the cheaper seats at the Théâtre Antoine failed to roll up when the *Ten Little Niggers* first started its run. This was somewhat worrying and perplexing, since the stalls and boxes were packed nightly. After the first week it was realised that while the stalls and boxes may have had English Nannies when they were young (all wealthy French families have an "Angliche meese"), the balcony and gallery, knowing nothing of the nursery rhyme that sings of the demise of the *Ten Little Niggers* that inspired Miss Agatha Christie, and not being given to reading dramatic criticisms, either imagined that the play was acted by coloured players or else that it was a Negro Spirituals entertainment! The management went into conference, with the result that new posters appeared on the hoardings, and *colonnes Morris* drawing attention to the fact that the play was *policière*, and now the box-office is selling tickets for the gallery steps and putting extra chairs (strictly forbidden . . . but that is Paris!) in the balcony gangways.

A NEW operetta, *L'Ingénue de Londres*, is now playing at the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. The first act takes place at a London boarding-house after France had been invaded in 1940. When I see the sort of production that gives us a *No, No, Nanette*, my eyes ache and my gorge rises. The brilliant colours and flamboyant chorus make me long for something more sober. But the realistic drabness of the Ambigu's version of a home-from-home that positively smelled of linoleum and Irish stew of the meatless kind was the most depressing thing I have

ever seen, despite the leading lad's gay taste in dressing-gowns and scarves, and the heroine, who, at eleven o'clock in the morning, appeared in a strange and sloppy sun-ray garment of mauve and rose chiffon that reminded me of the Loie Fuller of my far-away youth. There was an excellent reason for this, since after warbling what surely must be described as "a tuneless ditty," the damsel went through the awkward gyrations that used to be called in those same far-off days a "skirt dance." The pity of it is that the actress has possibilities both as a singer and as a dancer when she becomes wise to the fact that she has a great deal to learn. But she was very ill-served by the frock and the dance arranged for her.

Happily, the rest of the play crosses the Channel and takes place at an amazing country house in France, where one finds a curious but amusing medley of farce, musical comedy and even burlesque. Above all, one enjoys the clever acting of Edward Stirling and Margaret Vaughan, who prove to our satisfaction that there are no bad parts for good actors. There is also a charming little lady, Jacqueline Valois, who sings and dances really well. André Dassau may be criticised for his choice of scarves, but he has a fine voice and none of the usual spotlight tricks of the average musical-comedy hero. He is a quite pleasing young man.

I HAVE often spoken on this page of the number of unwanted daily papers that encumber the Paris newspaper kiosks. Recently several of these have disappeared! Perhaps this also is a sign of better times. On the other hand, there is a pretty story of how a certain pre-war evening paper that has reappeared since Liberation was, a few months ago, in low water. The owner was badly in need of funds, but his backers—people whom the war has not enriched—were unable to come to the rescue. The middle-aged employee who has acted as *garçon*

*de bureau*, mixture of printer's devil, bottle-washer, sweeper and errand boy around the purlieus of the rue d'Enghien for many years, requested an interview with the "boss," diffidently asked if he might help, and whether a million or so would save the situation. When the owner recovered his senses the *garçon de bureau*, a mild little man, slightly bald, with ill-fitting false teeth and a lisp, explained that he had a little dance hall in the populous quarter that is to be found near La Nation, and that, for the last two years, it had been bringing him in between 25,000 and 30,000 francs a week. . . .

The paper is now flourishing and the worried *garçon de bureau* still doesn't know what to do with his money.

*Voilà!*

● Quite a crowd gathered round a small boy seated on one of the benches of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, where Rainbow Corner used to be. He was crying bitterly and for a while refused to answer all questions. At last a kindly old lady got him to talk. Between his sobs he told her that he needed forty francs in order to "rejoin his parents." Many of the onlookers proffered the money, but the boy, refusing to take more than the amount he had asked for, slipped down from his seat. "But where are your parents?" asked the kind soul who had befriended him; "you can't go far for forty francs." "Oh, that's all right," said the child, "they're just over there . . . at the cinema." And he dived for the box-office.

## A ROYAL SILVER



Among the guests at the dinner were Countess Inger Wedell, principal lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Denmark, and H.R.H. Prince Carl of Sweden, who was one of the speakers





Photographs by Varvara, Copenhagen

The Royal couple with their son, Prince Jacques, who is a pilot in the Norwegian Naval Air Service. Prince René's father was Robert, Prince of Bourbon, and his grandfather the Duke of Parma. His mother belonged to the Portuguese Royal House of Braganza. Princess Margrethe's father was Prince Valdemar of Denmark, and her mother, Princess Marie, born Princess of Orléans

## WEDDING IN DENMARK

THE Silver Wedding was recently celebrated at Copenhagen of Prince René of Bourbon-Parma and Princess Margrethe of Denmark. They lived in Paris before the war; then they went to America, and now are settling down in a house in Copenhagen next door to Prince Axel, elder brother of the Princess.

They have three sons and a daughter. Prince Michel served with the French Army during the war, Prince Jacques is a pilot in the Norwegian Naval Air Service, and Princess Anne was an ambulance driver in the French Army in North Africa and won the Croix de Guerre. Prince André is now in the Irish Guards, in England.

THE celebrations began at 7 a.m. when, in accordance with Danish traditions, the couple were awakened by an orchestra who played the Marseillaise and the Danish National Anthem. The first to congratulate the couple, who appeared on the balcony, were members of the Danish Royal Family. Breakfast followed, and before noon a ceremonial service was held at the Jesu Hjerter Church, where the Royal couple had been married. The Prince and Princess were then received by King Christian at the palace and afterwards went to lunch with Prince Erik, who had invited the Royal Family and a few close friends (Prince Viggo, Princess Margrethe's brother, had had a dinner-party the day before, with a large number of friends).

DINNER was held at Prince Axel's, where the King and Queen, Crown Prince Frederik and the nearest relations were present. Prince Carl of

Sweden (who is eighty-five years old) spoke of the union between France and Denmark through the marriage, and the twenty-five years the couple had spent together. In reply, Prince René expressed the hope that he and Princess Margrethe would be able to remain in Denmark for many years to come. Prince Axel also made a speech, and finally the young Prince Jacques thanked his parents on behalf of all their children. At 10 p.m. numerous friends of the young Princes and Princesses gathered for a ball at the Bernstorffshøj.

PRINCE RENÉ'S brother, Prince Felix Maria Vincent, who is married to the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, did not arrive in time for the celebrations, owing to bad weather. He was in London for the Victory Parade. Crown Prince Olav of Norway and the Crown Princess Martha were also unavoidably absent.

Among those present at the celebrations were H.R.H. Prince George of Greece, cousin of Princess Margrethe, and H.R.H. Princess Ingeborg of Sweden.

The anniversary aroused the greatest interest in Denmark, and the Royal couple received congratulations and tributes from all sides, in addition to those confined to the family and immediate friends.

Prince René and Princess Margrethe hope to spend a holiday in Scotland, in September, as guests of the Grand Duchess Charlotte, who has an estate twenty miles from Loch Ness.



Her Majesty Queen Alexandrine of Denmark was present at the dinner



Major and Mrs.  
Crichton-Stuart



Miss Maclachlan, of Castle Lochlan, Argyll-  
shire, and Capt. Hodgkinson



Mr. and Mrs. David  
Rome



A party who were sitting out included S/Ldr. H. Binder, Lt.-Cdr. R. Menzies  
(secretary of the Ball), Mrs. Menzies, Mrs. Binder, Jnr.-Cdr. Eileen Elsey,  
Lt. G. C. Shoult, R.N.V.R., and Miss J. Fraser



Among another group were Major Macdonald Murray, Cdr. Francis Lister, R.N.,  
Mr. Bryan Jones, Mr. Edward Clarkson, Miss Jean Mackay, Miss Elizabeth  
White, Miss Helen Roy Lister and Dr. Olive Lister

## "AND LARGE BEFORE"



H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth dancing a reel at the Royal Caledonian Ball  
the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas





Mrs. Joyce Hermon-Smith and  
M. Paul de Hevesey



Capt. McKerrell-Brown with Air Vice-Marshal  
Sir Charles and Lady Longcroft



Col. Ian Anderson, Lady Fraser and her  
husband, Sir William Fraser

## ENJOYMENT'S GALE . . . "



Miss Mary Whitehead, Sub-Lt. James Guinness,  
R.N.V.R., Miss Mary Currie, Miss June Whitelan  
and Lt. Nicholas Harvey



A party of seven included Mr. Robert Cooper, the Countess of Lindsay,  
Col. Ewen Cameron of Lundavra, C.M.G., D.S.O., Princess Teri,  
Mrs. Hermon-Smith, Princess Danush and Cdr. Franklin

which was held at Grosvenor House. In her party were the Master of Elphinstone,  
Major John Wills, the Hon. Mrs. Jean Wills and Capt. R. McLeod

# Boat Club Ball at Cambridge

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

## Standing By ...

A DISTINGUISHED living poet has remarked:  
The Dromedary is a cheerful bird;  
I cannot say the same about the Kurd.

In which judgment you will find (if you look up *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*) his tame artist concurs, depicting a jovial dromedary attended by a very depressed and miserable Kurd. Hence one wonders vaguely if the Kurds are wise to demand Home Rule from their Persian overlords, as they have just done for the first time in 800 years.

Doubtless the whole question is discussed and solved in one of those dainty modern travel-books in which the author lounges elegantly yawning through Kurdistan in Charvet pyjamas, armed with a flywhisk, polishing his nails and damnably bored with the whole thing. Our private conviction is that Home Rule is a thing for virile highblooded chaps fond of cracking each other—if nobody else is available—on the crust, like the Irish. Our hairy and bellicose kinsmen the Welch might qualify equally if they were not so fatally addicted to song. The Bretons were well on the way to Home Rule some time ago and even blew up the statue at Rennes of Anne of Brittany, by whose marriage they first came under the French Crown. This gesture seems to have temporarily exhausted them. As for the dim and dubious Manx, the Raj lets them play round harmlessly with their Tynewald and House of Keys and what-not, so they think they have Home Rule already. The attractive but low-spirited Kurd could probably be fooled just as easily.

And so we come to the Scots. Or rather, as Dr. Johnson noted, the other way round. Thanking you one and all.

### Ballet-oop!

At the ballet the other evening it struck us, glancing round the auditorium, that balletomanes of the Loony Fringe are looking more like fish than they did; not fish cavorting gaily in the deep, but fish on marble slabs, slapped around by hoarse men in straw hats. Their eyes are dead.

We consulted an authority. He said many serious balletomanes are sunk in apathy, having almost given up hope of seeing the *danseur noble* skid, cannon off the *corps de ballet*, and, after a frenzied sequence of *gargouillades* and *pas-de-veau fricassés*, grapple and fall with some mighty *prima ballerina assoluta* in a *grand krach total*, shattering the stage. Only in extreme old age

does this happen nowadays, or when Art is conquered by corns, chilblains, or bandy-legs.

Diaghilev (added this chap) was callous to a degree over such occupational risks. His public clash with Harniova Fallova halfway through a gala-performance of *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden, where she fell down twice, is quoted in every serious work on the ballet.

"Fous tompez touchours, tchère bedide anche? C'est choli!"

"It is the gôrns! My lecks, they giv way! Ouch! Mon Dieu!"

"Legs you call those, yes?"

[Sycophantic laughter from ballet and orchestra.]

"'Ere, what's wrong with me blinking Easter-eggs, cully?"

Diaghilev informed the Fallova (*née* Aggie Whackett) forthwith, *Swan Lake* turned into a Latin water-polo match, the stuffed-shirts in front continued mechanically applauding, the curtain sloshed down, and *The Times* critic rushed away to write columns about a new dynamic re-entrant process in correlative plastic values.

### Enigma

ONE of Horace Walpole's gold snuff-boxes fetched 390 guineas at Christie's the other day, and we found ourselves once more marveling at that supercilious boy and his hobby.

The man was rich, fashionable, well-connected, fussy, priggish, delicate, and idle. Why he took to intensive letter-writing for pleasure—we possess a set of Walpole's Letters in ten octavo volumes, and there are far larger editions—it is difficult to conceive. He was not shwipsy, for he drank nothing but tea and iced water, and he was not trying to annoy, or at any rate no more than most of the rich. What kept him scribbling away was apparently snuff—Scholten's Fine Rappee or Scented Maccabaw, most likely. Yet when we once tried writing a letter with the aid of Prince's Mixture, as composed by Treyer & Evans of the Haymarket for the Regent, taking it elegantly from a George III. silver snuffbox, tapping thrice on the wrist, and going through all the rigmarole, the result was a dismal flop. We can never write a letter because it's so tiring and we're scared of saying the wrong thing. Slogger Walpole was not so sensitive.

### Solution

OUR interim conclusion is that Horace Walpole took up this inhuman hobby because he was the son of a Whig Prime Minister. Prime



Miss Kathleen Durward and Mr. John Thatcher at Trinity First and Third Boat Club's Ball, held at Trinity College



In foreground, Mr. B. C. Fay (Hong Kong Police Force), Miss I. Ahrends and the Rev. F/Lt. M. C. Couper



The Ball Committee included Mr. R. Dewar, Miss Rider, Miss F. Jewell, Dr. C. Kemball, Mr. Peter Howson, Miss Thornhill, Mr. S. A. R. Gray, Mrs. Pennefather, Mr. and Mrs. Close, Miss Mary Howson, Mr. Pennefather and Baron Gelsey Gutman



Minister's sons are usually charming types, dear fellows, dear persons. Not so Walpole, who like all true Whigs had a streak of cruelty. *He knew most of the people he wrote to would be compelled to answer.*

### Revolt

A BITTER City magnate remarking that he, for one, would henceforth hesitate to lay down his life for Slogger Danton (or Dalton, or whoever is Commissar of the Exchequer at the moment, we didn't quite catch the name) was more sensible, we thought, than the average spawn of Mammon, who, like Shakespeare, is *né romantique*.

There's a pensive bit of verse bearing on this absorbing theme:

Chaps who swore to Annie Laurie  
They would lay them down an' dee,  
Rarely felt ashamed and sorry  
When they lived to 83.

There's no evidence that Miss Laurie encouraged morbid whimsy in her swains. What she did when they swore to die for her, we guess, was to giggle like a little crazy thing. *Oo-er*, she said. You *are* a one, she said, reely you are (we translate from the original Lowland Scots, which is too full of "howkies" and "cleughs" to interest you). Hitler probably had the same nervous reaction when the chief Nazi big-bonnets took their prescribed blood-oath. Once inside the Chancellery he rolled on the floor with mirth, well knowing that dying for him would be the last thing those boys would ever dream of.

### Afterthought

THE FUEHRER didn't live, unfortunately, to upbraid his chief buddies genially in old age, but we bet the centenarian Miss Laurie tottered round on her stick cackling loudly and making some very pawky cracks. Maybe a well-known amorous poet was among her targets. Miss Laurie would hardly fail to remind him of an embarrassing "hands-off" episode some fifty years back:

"Fondly aye my fancy turns——"  
"Oh, no, *thank* you, Mr. Burns."

Poets don't know much about women, as is clear from their perpetual squealings. But who does?

### Orgy

LITERATURE may know no frontiers, but (a cynical chap who got in on the ground-floor at the recent International P.E.N. Club jamboree at Stockholm for his own purposes was telling us) it probably knows a few nice stomach-aches by now.

Apparently the booksy horde flung themselves on the rich and plentiful Swedish food like tigers. The Muses' children are pretty good at free browsing and sluicing, as all the world knows; which is why shattered Mayfair hostesses never ask them to dinner more than once. The Swedes,

who (this chap thought) seemed a bit shy and self-conscious about their role in the late war, cherished and fed them like prize Berkshires by way of compensation. Slogger Strindberg would have loved the scene, we dare aver. He might even have been inspired to rewrite the famous final episode of Act II. of *The Father* (1890), which at present stands thus:

*The Captain goes to the table, seizes the lighted lamp, and hurls it at Laura, who disappears backwards through the door.*  
*Curtain.*

Laura, one of those frightful female intellectuals, could make a better exit in June 1946. For example:

LAURA: Listen!

*The Captain pauses with the lamp at half-swing. A muffled noise like Niagara in full spate is heard in the room.*

CAPT.: What the devil's that?

LAURA: It is the P.E.N. gang eating at the Government's expense in the Town Hall (*Capt. shivers*). One more squeak out of you, big boy, and I'll sock fifty tough girl novelists on you, full of meat and ramping for a brawl.

*The Captain shakily replaces the lamp on the table, mops his brow, and goes out on all-fours.*

LAURA: Ha, ha, ha! And now to muscle into the booksy whirl and tear a few reputations to tatters!

*Exit, laughing sardonically.*  
*Curtain.*

What we like about this version is that it's more *profound*, in an Ibsenish way.

### Tease

SOME day, we gathered recently from a resident of Paris, somebody will describe and analyse the 7,896,443 pleasing ways in which the Parisians in 1940-44 exploited the old Nordic Superman-Inferiority-Complex.

One way, apparently, was practised daily in a *bistro* close by the La Villette abattoirs, in which *bistro* you could find a juicy rumpsteak if you had the password. Each time a Boche appeared licking his chops, the proprietor loudly regretted he had no meat on the menu whatsoever. The Boche, looking round in a dazed fashion at the jolly clients champing and sniggering away, would remark that this was obviously a lie. The proprietor would then explain amid a wealth of grins that they brought it with them, and the Boche would withdraw, looking a fool. In ways like these, keeping within the letter of the law yet stinging the lumpish invader like a gadfly, the ordinary non-combatant Parisian alleviated a grim existence.

Now (this chap added) the eternal resilience of the Gaul following disaster is already being demonstrated, and Europe will know it before long. They have only one grievance. One of the Allies invariably pinpointed its bombing, another frequently took a broader view. A lot of the French didn't much care for this.



Among those at the Ball were Miss Owen Morris, Mr. M. R. Bishop, Miss Didi Wiborg and Mr. W. S. Jameson



Mr. G. M. Thoday, Miss D. J. Rich, Miss P. M. Millard and Dr. A. L. Lomas



Another group included Miss Jean Huggett, Miss Molly Butler, Mr. Michael Roderick, Miss Joy Poulsen, Lt. Brandon, Miss P. Fitt and Mr. Alan Darg



Lt. Collingwood, Miss Barnes, Major C. Perks, 3rd/O. Medhurst-Saul, 2nd/O. Wood, F/O. Hazelwood, Miss C. Lee and F/Lt. Tudhope



## An Eire Wedding

GUESTS came from all parts of Ireland to the recent wedding at Inistioge Church, County Kilkenny, of Major D. J. O. Thomas, Royal Welch Fusiliers, and Miss Barbara Solly-Flood, daughter of Brig.-General Richard E. Solly-Flood, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Solly-Flood. The bride wore her grandmother's wedding dress



Major and Mrs. Thomas after the wedding. Major Thomas is the elder son of Mr. T. E. Thomas and the late Mrs. Thomas, of Whepstead, Bury St. Edmunds



The Marquess and Marchioness of Ormonde, from Kilkenny Castle, were among the many guests



The Marchioness of Kildare with her two small daughters, Lady Nesta FitzGerald and Lady Rosemary FitzGerald, who were bridal attendants, and the two pages, Hugh McCalmont and Don Nicolia Caracciolo

By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

## The Second Norman Invasion

DESPITE the fact that Caracalla II. has the devastating and generally misleading letters H.B. after his name, he is to stand at Jaray Stud at a fee of 400 guineas, and I am assured that he will fill his list without any trouble, notwithstanding the disability which he must perforce pass on to his progeny.

M. Boussac has a rich balance in stake money to his credit. With only three horses, Caracalla II., Priam II. and Marsyas II., all stayers, he took £10,393 of good English money out of us inside one week, Caracalla II. being the principal contributor. The owner can almost afford to laugh at the letters H.B., especially if the stud fees in France are already assured.

There is another reflection which the Ascot "Waterloo" invites: have we not opened the door too soon? Our horses, like ourselves, have been on short commons for six years. Neither man nor beast has had the time necessary to make up the leeway. You and I, who are not horses, know that. History has repeated itself, for in another sphere of sport, polo, we believed that we had sufficiently recovered by 1921 to keep that Westchester Cup which we had won in 1914. We were very quickly disillusioned. And how about this Wightman Cup? An expert has expressed the opinion that the lack of stamina caused by war rationing was the reason for the complete collapse of our valiant girls. He may very well be right. The charge you put behind the shell is a terrific factor.

## Another for Airborne

THE following very interesting letter comes to me from Rear-Admiral Walter Lumsden, of Pitcairne Castle, Aberdeenshire, who is possibly one of the few survivors of the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, at which he was present (and wounded) when serving in H.M.S. Invincible as a midshipman.

After reading your bright letters in *The Tatler* from the time they started, I assume that you know the difference between B. and a bull's foot as well as most people. When Airborne won the Derby at 50-1 I looked up his pedigree and came to a full stop at Barcalaine in the paragraph about him in *Famous Horses*, which book I expect is in your library, and if not, it ought to be. If ever there was a horse that should have been kept on the right side by the racing prophets, Airborne is the one; and the fact that he had not done anything of note up to date gave all the more reason for watching him closely, and, if he looked wound up at the right time, advising their followers to risk a bit on him. The pedigree also revived the interest in the Bend 'Or and Tadcaster cases.

I must say that I have little doubt that the stud groom was right with regard to the stamina of our thoroughbreds. Nothing could be better than their breeding. Then what is the matter? (1) The appalling expenses attached to training and breeding which make it necessary to get a bit back out of them as two-year-olds. (2) So that the training for these short sprints affects the whole physique of the animal, and that it is only a very exceptional one who will make the long-distance effort when called upon to do so in his later years. My first race meeting was at Epsom when Parole won the City and Suburban, so you will realise that I am no chicken.

I agree with every word above written, particularly with what Admiral Lumsden writes concerning the racing of two-year-olds; in fact, I had taken the almost identical words out of his mouth (*vide* notes in this page last week). Concerning Airborne's lineage, of course, there is no doubt; the trouble was that he had written nothing down on paper, at least not for publication, and no one, excepting his immediate connections, knew what he had given them for private circulation.

On the sire's side Airborne is quite unimpeachable: Precipitation, Hurry On, Marcovil, Marco, Barcalaine, Marcovil on the dam's side goes straight back to Blacklock (Voltaire, Voltigieur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon), and Barcalaine on the sire's side back to Stockwell (The Baron, Pocahontas, to say nothing of Birdcatcher and Sir Hercules). On the dam's side also Airborne, if some of us can forget our prejudice against Amphion (Sundridge, the sprinter, and Sunstar, the Derby winner, are two of his descendants), there is in the bottom line Gay Crusader, by Bayardo by Bay Ronald, who was in-bred to that great foundation-stone Blacklock. So, of course, strictly on his lineage this grey colt might be anything.

## The Old Palace at Newmarket

IF, as a result of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's generous gift to the Jockey Club, half of Palace House is set apart for use by H.M. the King whenever he, or members of the Royal Family, are at Newmarket, it will be the first time since the demolition of the Old Palace in Queen Victoria's reign that a monarch has had a *pied-à-terre* at racing G.H.Q.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort decided to sell the Old Palace lest it might encourage any future king to go on the Turf. It is said that Her Majesty "dreaded any return of the days of the Royal Turfites," having possibly some hazy memory of The First Gentleman's violent disagreement with the Jockey Club over the "Escape" incident, and not understanding that George IV. was entirely in the right, and that the affair was due in no small measure to the personal animosity of Sir Charles Bunbury, after whom that well-known mile was named, in the same way as was the Rowley after Charles II.'s galloping hack.

The good Queen's pious hope was never realised—to the great benefit of the Turf. However, sold the Old Palace was, and upon its site rose a Congregational church. A brand snatched from the burning, as some said, and the echoes of hymns resounded where once were heard the silvery voices of lovely, but not always saintly, "Her's." The Stuart kings, almost without exception, preferred the Palace at Newmarket to the Royal abode in London. Charles I. lived there after Naseby, with, incidentally, something like a whole division of the Cavalry of the New Model Army as a bodyguard; and he was happy and well treated until that day upon which The Man on the Flea-bitten Grey galloped in from London after the "take away that bauble" incident. Then poor Charles knew that all chance of a composition was gone.

James I. practically lived at the Palace, principally for the hunting, and it was there that he acquired the sobriquet of "Dirty Shamus," for it is said that he never washed even his face or hands—and never paid a tradesman's bill. Charles II., the only King who has ever ridden a winner at Newmarket, loved well the old hunting-box, as also did all the lovely sirens who chanced to catch the wayward Royal fancy. And now Palace House, not far from the old site, may shelter Royal racing enthusiasts.

## Rules of Golf

THE little waistcoat-pocket edition of the Rules of Golf, so popular in pre-war days, and issued by the Royal Insurance Company, Limited, has been revised and brought up to date. Not only does it contain the Rules, but also a very comprehensive index, enabling the reader quickly to find the answer to his golfing problem. Copies are available, on request, from the Company's Head Offices, 1, North John Street, Liverpool, or 24-28, Lombard Street, London.





*The Match Was Played on Agar's Plough in Perfect Cricketing Weather*

# ETON BEAT WINCHESTER BY ONE WICKET



*A. O. Goddard, who made third highest score for Winchester, with his parents*



*Lord Burnham, who is an Old Etonian, with Mr. J. H. Lambert, the Lower Master*



*The toss-up by captains C. R. D. Rudd, Eton (left), and D. R. Guard, Winchester*



*Lord Terrington, Major the Hon. David Woodhouse and Capt. and Mrs. Peter Strachan*



*Lord and Lady Francis Hill, of Knapmill, Surrey, and Robin Hill enjoy lunch on the grass*



*Miss C. Judah, Sir Eric and Lady Studd, and their son, Edward Studd (Winchester)*

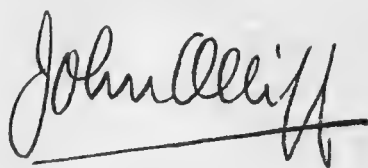


*Mr. O. R. Guard (father of Winchester's captain), B. P. Guard, Mrs. Guard and Miss Angela Guard*



## LAWN TENNIS

and Other Pastimes



ONE of our wittiest and most popular writers of plays, novels and essays was invited to make a speech before the war at the annual dinner given by the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain to welcome the overseas players to Wimbledon.

He opened by saying that he did not believe that there was anything which caused so much ill-feeling among nations as international sport. The words were spoken half in jest, half in earnest. Brave words to deliver to such a gathering, but true, alarmingly true.

When victory is more important than the love of the game, then the fruits of international competition will be rotten. The awareness of this danger in international rivalry in the mind of that great lawn-tennis pioneer A. Wallis Myers was the seed of the International Club. When he founded the Club in 1924 he took as a motto Sir Henry Newbolt's famous lines:

To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize,  
To honour while you strike him down,  
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;  
To count the life of battle good,  
And dear the land that gave you birth,  
And dearer yet the brotherhood  
That binds the brave of all the earth.

And I think that it is in the last two lines that we can read the purpose for which he formed the Club. The Club sends teams all over the world and welcomes teams of all nations to this country. The victories and defeats have no significance compared with the high endeavour to promote real and lasting friendship between the respective nations.

FIVE other nations have formed affiliated international clubs of their own—France 1929, U.S.A. 1931, The Netherlands 1931, Czechoslovakia 1933, and Sweden 1937. The first opportunity of reunion among lawn-tennis players after the war was at an International Club dinner at Claridge's given by the President of the Club, Lord Iliffe.

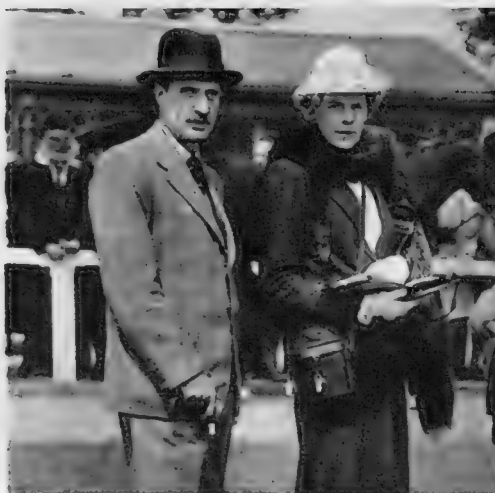
Two days before Wimbledon opened, a reception to all overseas competitors was given by the International Club at the Dorchester, and the Club held its annual luncheon and garden-party, this year at the Hurlingham Club, the day before Wimbledon, for the first year since 1939.

At the luncheon Lord Londonderry, on behalf of the Hurlingham Club, welcomed all the overseas visitors to the Club. Lord Iliffe replied on behalf of the International Club and Chevalier Paul de Borman, of Belgium, thanked both Clubs on behalf of the guests.

After lunch all the Wimbledon stars were seen playing friendly exhibition matches, and during tea in the open air the Club's band provided music.

THE beautiful grounds of the Hurlingham Club are ideal for such a reception, and on these occasions nothing but good feeling between the nations can possibly arise. This type of sporting event is far removed from those in which not only the good feeling of the players and spectators is endangered, but also the life of the referee.

All the executive posts in the International Club are honorary ones and members give up a great deal of their spare time in helping to run the Club. The new deputy president is Lord Lyle of Westbourne, and the chairman is Lt.-Col. A. R. F. Kingseote, who played one of the most memorable five-set singles matches at Wimbledon against W. T. Tilden some years ago.



Lieut.-Col. Sir Cecil and Lady Stafford-King-Harman, of County Roscommon



Racegoers Who Saw The Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam. The Earl's Liberty Light was a runner

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK

## For Children

THE PATCHWORK BOOK, AN OMNIBUS FOR CHILDREN" (Pilot Press; 12s. 6d.), has been edited by Marghanita Laski—whose Introduction shows that good sense to be expected from the author of *Love on the Super-tax*. The Patchwork Book is, she tells us, intended for children of, and upwards of, ten years old; or, rather, ten is the age at which she hopes that children may begin to enjoy it.

From the Dedication, I learn that Marghanita Laski has children of her own; she is thus in a realistic position with regard to the young of to-day, besides remembering, vividly, her own childhood. She pays tribute to the books (already, by then, I imagine, rather old-fashioned) that she and her friends were reading round about ten. "All these books had one feature in common, and this was that they released our imaginations within the bounds of our daily lives, or, to put it another way, they touched our lives with the magic of imagination. . . . When we were not reading these fascinating and inspiring books, we were playing with them, either alone or with our friends, in our imaginations."

Those were the days. And I must say I often wonder what children do read, now that so many of their mothers' and grandmothers' books have fallen to pieces, gone out of print or been consigned to salvage. Miss Laski confirms my own somewhat pessimistic, though up to now hazy, view. She says:

But it's quite a time since I was a child of ten, and to-day children are given quite different sorts of books to read. Some influence—and I believe it to be the influence of contemporary political theory—has led the best people to believe that children's books should be decorative, didactic and real, and so, necessarily, designed to appeal to the enlightened parent rather than to the barbarian child who will read them. . . . Consequently, some of the worst people, in instinctive antipathy to this trend, have produced children's books whose only outstanding trait is imagination run distressingly riot. You can see the sort of thing on any station bookstall when you are looking for something tolerable to read, and can find only the cretinous adventures of Mr. Pin and Mrs. Needle, or of Little Elsie Among The Elusive Elves.

And so, inevitably, the imagination of children is becoming atrophied. . . .

I think that this starving of children's imaginations is a very sad matter, and sadder to-day than it could ever have been before. For there is little in our material lives to-day that stirs the imagination of children. Once there were attics and cellars, holes under the stairs and deep unexpected cupboards;

now there is only the four-square living-room: Once there was the flickering nursery fire and the high brass-topped fireguard; now there are bars of electricity. Once there were outhouses and barns and meadows and paths between high hedges; now there is the bare back-garden and the municipal playground. Where, except it be in books, are children to-day to find anything that touches the springs of their greedy, fertile, romantic imaginations?

## Barbarian Child

THE PATCHWORK BOOK" is directed to the barbarian child. It must be remembered that barbarians (or, at least, the best of them) are creatures of discrimination, spirit and sensibility—we tend to write those qualities off because they find puzzling outlet or inconvenient expression, or do not always tune in with our own. It is not expedient that we should allow our children to behave like barbarians, riding roughshod over our own inoffensive grown-up existences; but at the same time, there must be something wrong with the child who has not an ambushed barbarian somewhere in him or her. (The idea that little girls are "nicer" than little boys does seem by now, which is excellent, to have been exploded. At any rate, shorn of those frills and bows and ringlets, they are let off dressing the angel part.) Miss Laski caters for the child's zest for blood-and-thunder, love of sounding words, passion for the mysterious, interest in ordeals and catastrophe, and attraction towards dashing and desperate persons. Also, for the desire to know how things are or were discovered, cooked or made, and the tendency to set a high value upon unusual places as homes. Her selection is full of movement and colour, too; besides being a many-drawered cabinet of "curiosities."

That *The Patchwork Book* is a selection, I may not have made clear. The pieces, or patches, vary in size and nature: as in all good real patchwork, there is a pattern; and also bold use, to the full, of contrast. Best of all, these patches are of rich and lovely stuff, cut out from all times and many different places in the treasure-house of the literature of the world. To an extent, out-and-out children's books, English or American, have supplied material: we have extracts, for instance, from *Coral Island*, *Black Beauty*, *Through the Looking-Glass*, *Swiss Family Robinson*, *Little Men*. But also we have Pliny the Younger (the letter about the destruction of Pompeii), Malory, Hakluyt, Sir Walter Raleigh, Plutarch, Marco Polo, Sterne, Benvenuto Cellini, Voltaire, Defoe, Marlowe, Herodotus, Blake, Edgar Allan Poe. Poetry





Mr. J. McVey Jun.'s Bright News Win the Irish Derby at the Curragh

Sir Anthony Weldon, Bt., with his mother,  
Mrs. Wilfred Fitzgerald



Mrs. Andrew Knowles, an Irish racehorse  
owner, and Viscountess Adare



Poole, Dublin

Viscount Adare (left), with Lieut.-Col.  
Evelyn Shirley and Mrs. Shirley

## REVIEWS

(amounting, I should say, in proportion to about one-seventh of the entire book) is unself-consciously interspersed with the prose. It is the right poetry—need one add more to that?—and particularly good in the martial, or "Fights" section; which contains Chesterton's superb "Lepanto," Macaulay's "Ivry" and "The Armada," and Peacock's "War-Song of Dynas Vavr."

The book has eight sections, or parts: I.—"Fights"; II.—"Time is Past"; III.—"Travel"; IV.—"Mystery and Fantasy"; V.—"Ingenious Oddities"; VI.—"Animals"; VII.—"Food"; VIII.—"Homes, Gardens and Country." I should like to have a child's opinion on *The Patchwork Book*: you may care to ask for that of your children. Miss Laski herself says: "Here is plenty of opportunity for comparison and protest, and, I hope, both for children and their parents, the fun of criticising my own choice by making, at least in your minds, Patchwork Books of your own."

### Mania

"*AUTO-DA-FÉ*," by Elias Canetti (Cape; 15s.), is not a tale of the Inquisition, but could hardly be more terrible if it were. It is a novel set in modern times; the central character is a famous scholar, Peter Kien, whose mind gives way—under stress, one might feel, of every possible and impossible provocation. For years, Kien has secluded himself in his library, in his top-story flat in a large unnamed city, presumably Vienna: his only realities are books. Delusions begin to set in; he falls prey to his revolting housekeeper, of the ever-starched blue skirts; and, through her, to the sadistic expoliceman who is the concierge of the block of flats. After his marriage to Therese, the housekeeper, the unfortunate scholar's position in his own home becomes untenable—his whole routine of life has been broken up, the sanctity of his library has been violated. He turns out, takes to the streets, cheap hotels and the underworld of the city—in which he falls into company with a hunchback pickpocket dwarf, Fischerle. Coaxed, by his enemies, back to the flat again, he receives a well-meaning visit from his brother George, a successful psychiatrist from Paris: George's attempt at treatment miscarries and only serves to precipitate Peter's end: now raving mad, he burns himself with his books.

It can be seen that this is not a cheerful story—nor is it anywhere relieved by a touch of beauty or tenderness. I read *Auto-da-Fé* with difficulty, awe, admiration and, sometimes, out-and-out reluctance. So close-packed is the writing, so direly faithful the analysis of Kien's

tortured mind, so unclear the distinction, in some places, between actual happenings and hallucination, that I should find the plot difficult to summarise, even roughly, were it not for help from the book's wrapper. This is a Continental novel—it appeared, under the title of *Die Blendung*, in Vienna shortly before the *Anschluss*: it was, then, acclaimed by critics as one of the major novels of this century. Then, almost at once, there descended on Central Europe, with Nazi domination, the cultural darkness which has remained till now. This must have been very hard on authors, such as Elias Canetti, whose reputation was just approaching its zenith. The republication of *Auto-da-Fé*—in this excellent English translation, work of Veronica Wedgwood—is not only an intellectual enterprise but a reparation. Possibly Continental novels are more grown-up than ours: I feel an immense respect for the very *relentlessness* of this Canetti book—at the same time, I find it difficult to "take." Possibly, again, our nerves are more sensitive than they were in 1938. Since then, we have lived through much; but what we have lived through makes pain, vileness and squalor more rather than less repugnant. One is shy of books which come rather too near the bone.

### The Hero

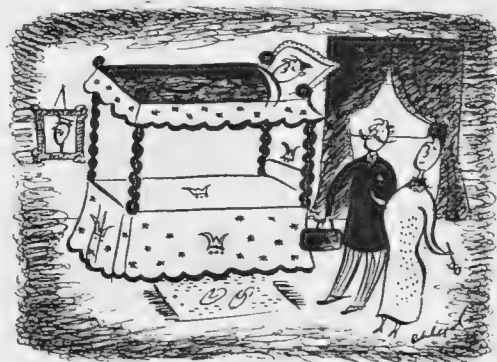
ETHEL VANCE's readers have come to expect from her high-speed, highly exciting intellectual thrillers; in which, though passion may spin part of the plot, most of the violence and danger comes from outside. Her *Escape* and *Reprisal*, both published during the war, built up for her a distinguished reputation. Miss Vance, however, is a good enough artist to insist on taking swerves of her own: nothing is likely to settle her into a one-track writer. Her latest novel, *Winter Meeting* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is, accordingly, a love-story *pur et simple*; though it has unusual constituents. Leaving behind Nazi-darkened Europe—the Germany of *Escape*, the German-occupied France of *Reprisal*—she has returned to her own country, America: the scene of *Winter Meeting* is wartime New York, with an interlude in a small New England coastal town.

Susan Grieve, a fastidious poetess in her thirties, meets "Slick" Novak, young American hero of that immediate day: the Press and radio are ringing with Novak's heroic exploit in the Pacific. He is now being lionised by New York Society—in which he stands about, youthful, hostile, sullen, anything but at home. Susan dislikes him at the first glance: outstandingly, they are not one another's type—

so little so that she is surprised when, seeing her to her door after the party, Novak insists on coming in to talk. As though under the influence of a spell, these two—the remote, virginal, well-bred woman and the dashing, somewhat vulgar young sailor—understand one another: they end by becoming lovers. It is during the days they spend at Susan's New England home that she learns the true secret of his nature—the key to his remoteness, moodiness and cynicism. Novak is up against something inside himself for which no human solution is to be found: for Susan, there remains only the friendly role of wishing him onward upon his way. . . . The story, with its delicate shades of feeling and its agonies, is beautifully written: as ever, under Miss Vance's pen, moments, faces and scenes acutely live.

### Flowers

"*BRITISH GARDEN FLOWERS*," by George M. Taylor ("Britain in Pictures," Collins; 4s. 6d.), is a book for the gardener, but also for the flower-historian. Few of our English flowers, we learn, are actually native to this country: the story of their acclimatisation here, and of their evolution under British gardeners' hands, is fascinating. The rose, for instance, though now one of our glories, was of a stock originally derived from France. Good soil and clement climate have played their parts in flower history. Also, Mr. Taylor, himself an Associate of Honour of the Horticultural Society, has much to tell us about the old Florists—in the original connotation of the word. The illustrations, coloured and otherwise, are lovely.



"I am rather worried, Sir Henry, as the dear boy insists on sleeping there ever since he left the Navy"

# GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



*Ramsay — Spriggs*

*Lt. Peter R. Ramsay, R.N., only son of the late Admiral R. B. Ramsay, and of Mrs. Ramsay, of Duddwell, Northam, N. Devon, married Miss Joy Spencer Spriggs, elder daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Spencer Spriggs, of Grosvenor Square, W.1, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street*



*Irwin — Cumming*

*Capt. Angus Irwin, M.C., The Black Watch, son of Cdr. and Mrs. Irwin, of Dunkeld, married Miss Elizabeth Cumming, W.R.N.S., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Cumming, of 33, Fountain House, Park Street, London, at St. Michael's, Chester Square*



*Gibson, Kilpatrick*

*Phillips — Gameson*

*Lt. Tom Vaughan Gerald Phillips, D.S.C., R.N., only son of the late Admiral Sir Tom Phillips, K.C.B., and of Lady Phillips, of Seale, Surrey, married Miss Margaret Sproull Gameson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gameson, of Newton Mearns, Renfrewshire*



*Dibblee — Packe*

*Capt. John F. Dibblee, R.A., son of the late Col. F. L. Dibblee, R.M., and of Mrs. Dibblee, of Sherborne, Dorset, married Miss Celia Elizabeth Packe, daughter of Major and Mrs. Edward Packe, of Felpham, Sussex, at St. Mary's le Strand*



*Westoll — Luxmoore*

*Major James (Tim) Westoll, The Border Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Westoll, of Longtown, Cumberland, married Miss Sylvia Jane Luxmoore, youngest daughter of the late Lord Justice Luxmoore and of Lady Luxmoore, of Mersham, Kent*





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widespread and gratifying welcome. When more normal  
days are re-established, Minton is equally assured of  
increasing favour wherever there is taste to delight, eye  
to enchant, or culture to satisfy.

**MINTON**  
*The World's Most Beautiful China*

A Harella skirt with pre-war pleating. It is worn with a Pringle blouse, beautifully tucked and bearing the hall-mark of Pringle elegance. Dickins and Jones have the skirt; Simpson's of Piccadilly the blouse

## SHIRTS AND SKIRTS



The striped shirt is the perfect complement to the beautifully tailored Harella skirt with its four good pleats and patent under-the-pocket side fastening. The blouse costs £3 3s. 9d. and is on sale at Simpson's, Piccadilly. The skirt is a Harella; Dickins and Jones have it



**Jean Lorimer's Page**



This close-up gives some idea of the wonderfully neat Harella patent side fastening. The skirt is of herringbone tweed with pleats back and front. The three skirts on this page are all utility and none of them is priced higher than 34s. 9d.



... like us, you're frantically interested in the day (we almost feel like saying "the moment") when all the ideas that have been trembling to come are ready to show. ... Truthfully, there's so much we have learnt ... there are such lovely fabrics just awaiting that day ... that we want to tempt you in advance. One day ... that day ... you're going to say "the loveliest foundation I ever hope to see is a J.B." Let's hope it'll be soon, but until then — the best you've seen up till now *must* have been a J.B.

*J.B.*  
THE *Stylish* FOUNDATION

... there are some rather lovely GOTHIC brassieres these days. Have you been fortunate enough to obtain one?

## A LUXURY LIPSTICK

*Dramatic accent, silken-textured like the lips of youth!*

*Smoothly, easily applied ...*

*Fashion-right shades for every costume ...*

*and in the new two-toned metal cases*

*precision-fitted so the top*

*stays on in your handbag!*



*Coty*

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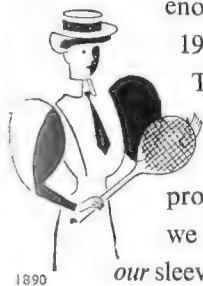
## Which sleeve next?

When restrictions go, will designers revive the tiny puff sleeve of 1818? Or the wide-wristed style of 1857? Perhaps they will return to the exaggerated g-o'-mutton for the sheer joy of having



enough material to do it with, or hark back to 1928, when sleeves disappeared altogether!

They may do none of these things. Fashion reflects the ideals and behaviour of its era, and designers are responsive to progress in fabric creation. For our part we are busy on ideas we've had to keep up



our sleeves. Lovely new Tootal fabrics—washable, soft-draping, sun-defying and branded 'Tebilized' for tested crease-resistance.

And who knows what the marriage of new thought and new fabrics may produce? Perhaps such fashions as the world has never seen!



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Wear it like a flag, flaunt it like a pennant . . .

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#### OTHER LIPSTICK COLOURS:

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#### AND POWDER SHADES:

Cherub; Lotus; Nectarine; Honey; Rio; Sarong. Also, Face Creams, Make-up Foundations, and other preparations.



## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE young man from town was strolling round the farm when he noticed a pretty girl milking a cow.

"Are there any bulls around here?" he asked.

The young man glanced round apprehensively. His eyes caught the baleful glare of the bull. The bull stared. The young man stared. The next moment the bull gave a snort and started to charge. With a yell of warning to the girl, the young man fled across the field, jumped the ditch, and flung himself through the hedge.

Wondering how the girl had fared, he was surprised to see her calmly milking the cow, while the bull was sauntering away.

"Why didn't you run when I yelled?" he asked. "The bull might not have stopped."

"I knew he'd stop," retorted the girl, scornfully. "This cow happens to be his mother-in-law."

THE woman who teaches lip reading to ex-Servicemen with impaired hearing at a certain Canadian military hospital started something when she urged the boys to practise their new art in public places. The first warning came when one of the lads returned to the hospital after a tram ride looking like a cat that's had cream.

"I learned something today," he told his instructress. "Something enlightening . . . what you women talk about when you think there's not a man within earshot!"

Then one of her soldier-students returned all jubilant from a wrestling match with a sheaf of money that brought stares from his comrades.

Camped around the ringside, it devolved from his account, there had been a number of hot sports, and when the ex-Serviceman suddenly began soliciting bets on a wrestler who'd just lost a fall, he found ready takers.

"You're crazy," one sport told him. "That lug hasn't a chance! But it's your dough, son."

The soldier said nothing, not even later when he was collecting his winnings. It seemed pointless and perhaps even risky to reveal that when the wrestlers embraced, each with a fall to his credit, he'd seen a pair of lips whispering into a cauliflower ear: "Okay, now it's your turn!"

WHILE waiting for one of her many boy friends to arrive, Jean was reading a book which gave the meaning of names.

"Mummy," she remarked, "this book tells me that James means beloved, and Philip means a lover of horses. I must look and see what George means."

"I hope," said her mother, grimly, "that George means 'business.'"

ENGLISH society was all agog when a great peer married a little blonde from the chorus in a New York show. It was even more agog when a Bond Street art gallery put on exhibition a life-sized portrait of her in the altogether. The peer was furious.

"I don't know what's biting you," said the wife. "Believe me, there's nothing wrong. He did it from memory."



Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart and Lord Elton who were two of the three hundred guests at the Jubilee dinner of the Associated Booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, recently held at the St. Pancras Assembly Rooms

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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Royal Aero Association

SINCE Colonel Preston became Secretary-General, the Royal Aero Club has been plunged into a whirl of activity. It is branching out and bursting forth in all directions. And it is right that it should do so. As the official controlling body for British air sport and record breaking, under the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, it ought to play a much bigger part than it used to do.

The method selected to extend the power and scope of the Club by Air Commodore Whitney Straight and Colonel Preston seems sound. They are trying to build up a large associate membership. If they succeed they will be well on the way towards the larger success; for, through the associate members, they will be able to put their finger on most of the people seriously interested in flying.

They will have their Gazette, which will be the means of communication, and they will have their representatives at airfields who will help all the time to consolidate their position. One word of warning. A rumour reached me that the Gazette was to be quarterly instead of monthly as originally planned. That would be a mistake. Quarterly publications are rapidly going out of fashion. The interval is too long. It is more valuable to have a small, modest publication that appears monthly—or, best of all, weekly—than to have a bigger publication that comes out every quarter. Everybody in the newspaper world knows that, and I hope the Club will not go wrong on this rather important point.

## Weird Weir

THE demonstration of the Weir 9 helicopter at Southampton a few weeks ago has produced a controversy about "firstness" almost as intensive as that produced by the announcement of the first British jet engine.

The W-9 uses a jet for torque control and has been claimed to be the first aircraft in the world to do so. Torque control is control in yaw—the business that the old-fashioned aeroplane does with a rudder. Sikorsky has a rotor for torque control, and so do most other single lift-rotor helicopters. But the W-9 uses a jet.

My impression was that it was by a long way the first aircraft to do so. And I made that claim for it. Then protests poured in upon me to say that the German Doblhoff was the first. I am not yet in a position to confirm or deny—as the politicians say—that claim.

I imagine that there is no doubt that the Doblhoff was the first—and as yet the only—helicopter that was entirely jet powered. That is to say, the lift rotor—not the torque rotor—was jet driven. But many of the torque problems are overcome with a lift rotor driven by jets at the blade tips. So it can be said also to have jet torque control.

## Electric Cars

NOR many months ago in these pages I referred to a small electric runabout, with two-seat streamlined body, that I tried in London not very long before the war. Much more recently it was reported that a large motor car manufacturing company was experimenting with an electric car, and that work was being done on the central problem of producing lightweight and trustworthy batteries for it.

While we are kept chronically short of petrol, it would be useful to work out the relative fuel efficiencies in Great Britain of the electric car and the petrol driven car. If all London's taxi-cabs, for instance, were electric—which they could easily be—would the country as a whole gain or lose in fuel? Would the coal needed for doing the charging cost more or less either in money or in man-hours than the petrol for running an equal mileage? The carrying of both coal and petrol would be taken into account.

## Abuses

RUMOURS go round that there will be more petrol for private motoring in August. But while any kind of rationing lasts, there will be abuses. It is a continuous source of astonishment to me that the people I see rolling about London in immense motor cars manage to get enough petrol to do it. The



"And soon after taking off we began to lose height!"

officials should keep a sharper look-out for tricksters than they appear to do. They are stern and unbending enough with the ordinary, honest man.

## Earl's Court

MY own memories of Earl's Court are chiefly concerned with the Giant Racer and similar devices for applying *g*—both positive and negative—to the human frame. But now the Ministry of Civil Aviation seems to be taking more seriously the suggestion—made first, I think, by Lord Swinton—to turn it into an Air Centre.

France, of course, has an air-centre at the Invalides. It was opened in mid-June and covers 17,000 square metres on and under the Esplanade.

My own feeling is that it would be more to the point to find London a really good main airport and to set up efficient terminal communications between the airport and the centre of the city. After that had been done, we might begin to think about air centres. France has, in the Orly now planned, a fine terminus. We have only the dubious rag-bag of Heathrow.

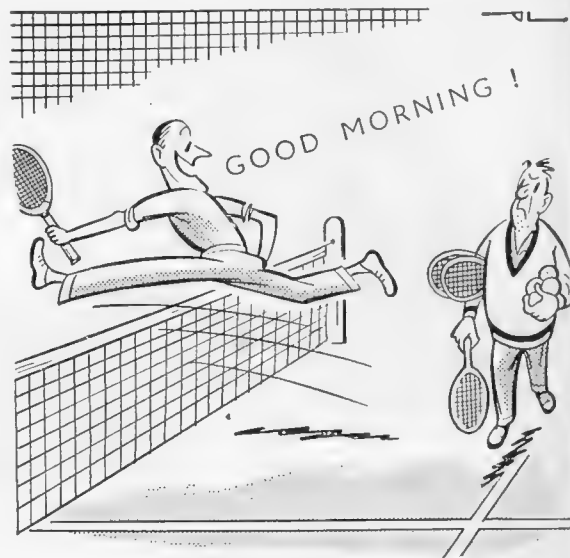
Let us find London a good airport, and build express roads between it and central London. Afterwards, perhaps, Earl's Court might be useful as a collecting point.



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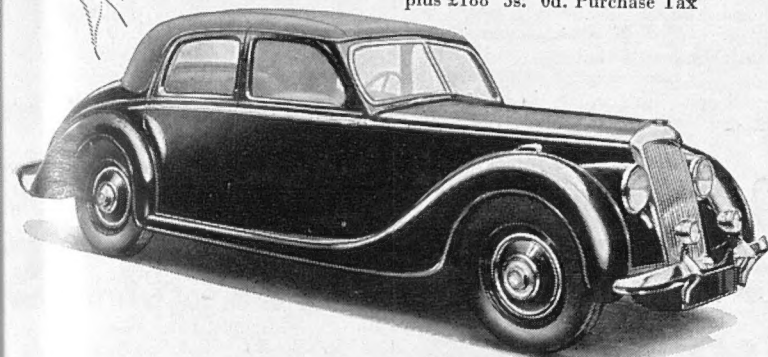
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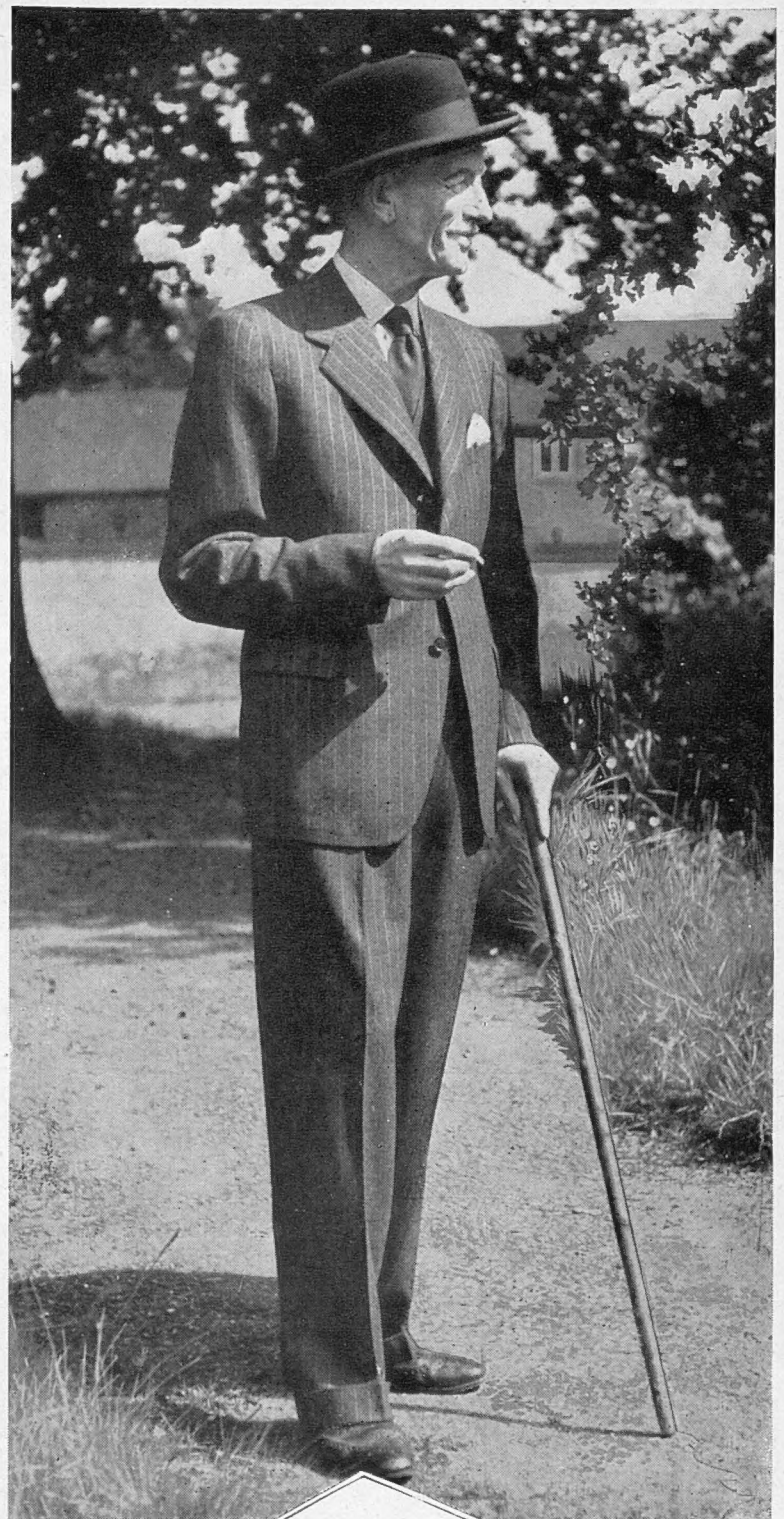
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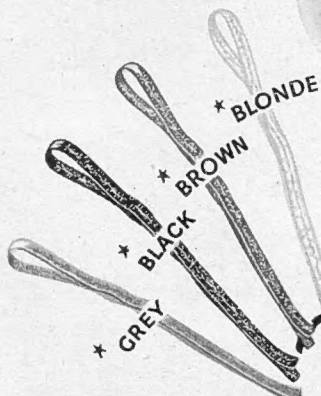
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the WRIGHT*  
way



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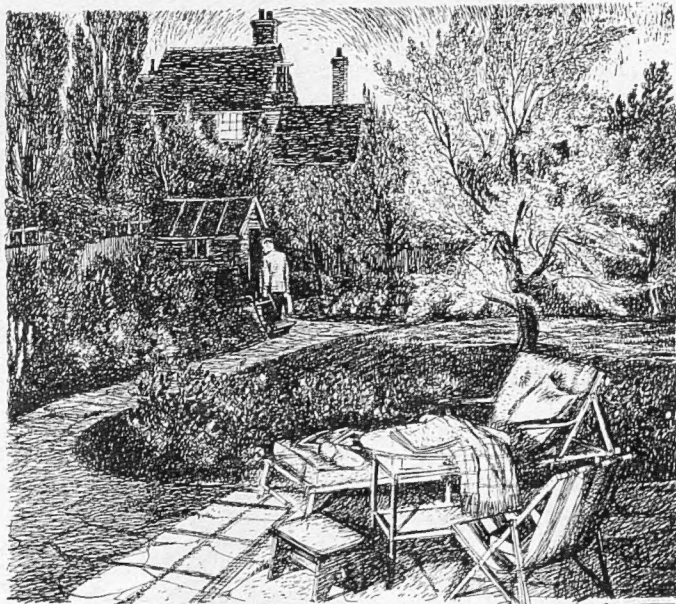


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### TWILIGHT HOUR

The sunset fades, the lamps are lit, and it's really too dark to stay out in the garden. It's time to put away the mower, fold up the deck-chairs and go indoors. How good then to round off the long day with a glass of Horlicks before turning in!

For Horlicks sets the seal of contentment on healthy fatigue. Taken as a nightcap, it gently nourishes the tired system, and soothes away all tension. You relax... and sleep deeply. You wake not merely rested, but filled with new vigour.

Unfortunately, Horlicks is not yet plentiful. But your dealer, you may be sure, shares out as fairly as possible what he has.

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**Jacqmar**  
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is as gay and colourful  
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## GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS

"Hallo, Hawkins. Burnishing the ancestral silver?"

"Just the punch bowls, Sir. Not that I expect them to fulfil their function within measurable time to come."

"Perhaps it's as well. That big one must contain the better part of three gallons."

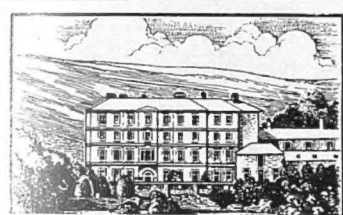
"Three gallons and a quarter, Sir, to be precise."

"Our grandfathers must have been men of iron."

"I entirely concur, Sir. Particularly since they lived in the days before Rose's Lime Juice."

"What you might call the Dark Ages, eh? Well, let's be thankful that you and I were born into the Age of Rose's."

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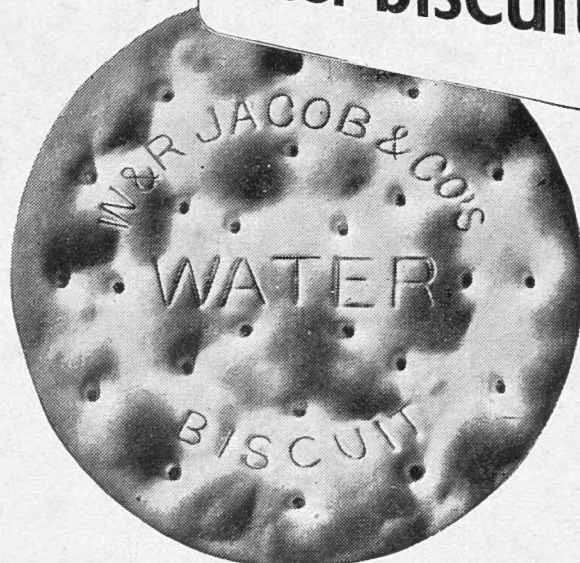
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KG26

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(Gen. Mngr. F. Ferraro)



## Avoid the Peaks!

IT certainly is necessary for most people to take a good holiday this year and the railways will do their utmost to provide a comfortable journey for all who decide to travel.

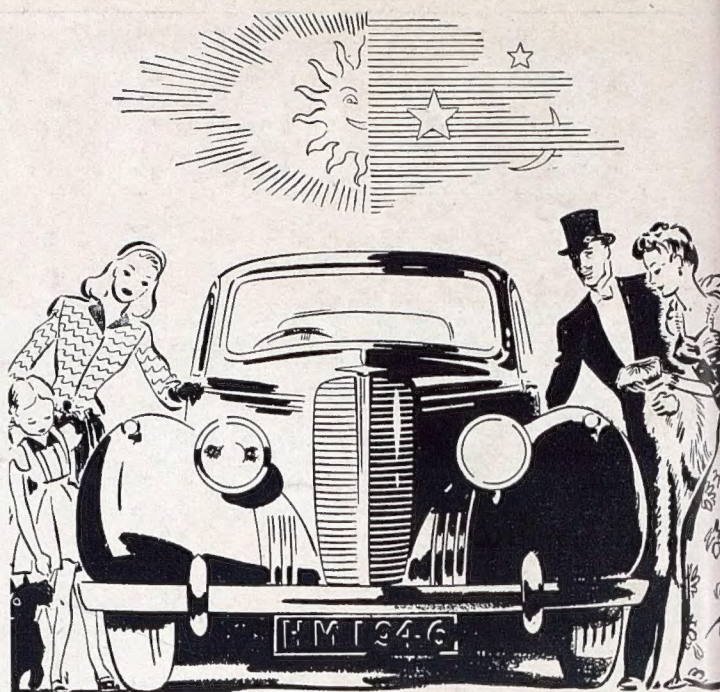
New rolling stock is being built as quickly as possible, but there cannot yet be enough seats to go round at the week-ends, especially in July and August.

The railways hope that all who can will avoid the peak travel periods and so add to the general comfort.

### TRAVEL MID-WEEK



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is always in use

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**"White Label"**  
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